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CHRISTIAN TRUTH.

No. I.

TRIAL AND SELF-DISCIPLINE.

BY THE AUTHOR

OF "JAMES TALBOT," "THE FACTORY GIRL," &c.

BOSTON AND CAMBRIDGE:

JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.

1835.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is the object of the series of little publications, of which this is the first, to present familiar illustrations of some of the important practical principles of religion, and to show, by an intermixture of narrative and discussion, how they operate in the government of the heart and life. I have been so happy as to secure the pen of several able writers, who will be found, I trust, not unworthily to treat the several topics proposed to them. The series will probably consist of six or eight numbers, of somewhat larger size than the present, and be published at intervals of four or five weeks.

H. WARE, Jr.

Cambridge, February 10, 1835.

TRIAL

AND

SELF-DISCIPLINE.

BY THE AUTHOR

OF "JAMES TALBOT," "THE FACTORY GIRL," &c.

His warfare is *within*. There, unfatigued,
His fervent spirit labors. There he fights,
And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself
And never-withering wreaths, compared with which
The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds.

COWPER.

BOSTON AND CAMBRIDGE:

JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY

1835.

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BOSTON.

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[The original, from which the character of Phillis has been drawn without exaggeration, was intimately known to the writer through the long period of more than thirty years.]

TRIAL AND SELF-DISCIPLINE.

Chapter I.

DISCONTENT AT WOODLAND.

Several years had now elapsed since Judge Thurston had retired from business. His advanced age might have authorized such a retreat; but frequent fainting fits induced by a disease of the heart rendered it unavoidable. And willing to disengage his mind from the care and bustle of the world, he readily yielded to other hands all occupations but those which he found in devout meditation, in books, and rural pleasures.

An only grandaughter, her husband, and her infant took the place in his heart of connections which death had long ago severed. But amidst the vicissitudes incident to a long pilgrimage, Woodland, his favorite residence, still retained objects familiar to his youth. The brook still hurried across the lawn with its unchanged, tinkling music; the robin was still seen, alternately tripping and pertly erecting its little figure, in the lane through which he had passed to

school, or was heard amongst the branches which his boyish agility had climbed; and here and there a neighbor's face brought with it the remembrance of early life If these objects were dear to him, the Judge was no less so to the inhabitants of C*****, who always delighted in an intercourse with the owner of Woodland. His white hair, his still majestic, though stooping figure, his serene forehead, with the deep, thoughtful expression of his eyes, might have inspired unmingled awe, had not a smile peculiarly benignant won the heart to love and confidence. The spirituality of his mind was singularly conveyed by the tones of his voice; it seemed as if, by his frequent intercourse with Heaven, they had caught a force and sweetness, which nature alone could not have imparted.

It was thought strange by some, that, with such an example constantly before her, Mrs. Spencer should not have made more elevated moral attainments. "She has been an unshorn lamb," was the apology made by an old nurse of the family, "we can't expect a fleece where there is no shearing." Such an apology could hardly have served for Mrs. Spencer, to a casual observer, as she paced back and forth from the sofa to the window with a countenance full of anxiety. "Why this restlessness, this alarm? what is it you fear, my dear?" asked her grandfather.

"I have no very definite apprehensions," was the reply; "but I am always uneasy when my husband stays beyond the usual hour."

"The usual hour has but just arrived.—Come, my dear, stand by me, and take lessons of repose from this soft picture. Do you see that narrow cloud? The evening star is behind it. I saw it enter and am watching its return. There it comes gliding along with replenished lustre. Another cloud intercepts it. Ah, there it is again. What a striking emblem of human life! Do you observe, Emma? it emerges now still brighter; like a good man coming out from the darkness of calamity."

"It is beautiful, I allow; but excuse me, grandpapa, for not enjoying it now. I see other stars appearing, it must be growing very late.—What can detain Henry." And releasing her hand from her grandfather's, she rang the bell violently. Phillis appeared. "Send John to the gate; tell him to look and bring me word whether Mr. Spencer is coming."

"He is riding up the avenue now," replied Phillis.

Mr. Spencer soon made his appearance; and, being quite unconscious of the perturbation he had occasioned, after having given various letters and newspapers to the Judge, quietly seated himself at the tea-table.

"It was really unkind of you, Henry, to stay so late; I have been watching for you till my patience is quite exhausted."

"I am sorry, my dear; I was not aware I had much exceeded my customary hour;" said Mr. Spencer, taking out his watch. "You see I have not; it is only twenty minutes past the time,

And for those I can account to your entire satisfaction. The carpets Mr. Mercer sent for, arrived yesterday; I was detained by selecting one, and giving orders for its conveyance this evening by the wagon."

"I am really thankful," cried Emma, "that they have come at last. Mrs. Montague has not been here the last three months without testifying how much her taste is offended at the want of congruity between our new mirrors and the defaced carpets."

The evening had not far advanced, when Phillis came to say that the carpet had arrived. Directions were given to have it brought into the parlor. With John at one end and Phillis at the other, the heavy roll was laid before its impatient mistress. One end was soon disentangled from every impediment to its display; and figure after figure unfolded in due and elegant proportion, as with exulting admiration it was unrolled and held up by Phillis. Emma looked at it a few moments in silence; then, turning to her husband with an expression of mingled disappointment and reproach, "How could you possibly," exclaimed she, "select this carpet? It does not match with the curtains at all."

"The ground is blue;" answered Mr. Spencer, looking alarmed, and hastily rising from the table for the advantage of a better light; "I thought it was exactly what you wanted."

"I do want a blue ground, but not so dark a shade."

The husband suggested that colors assumed

different hues by candle-light. Phillis held one corner up, now this way, and now that, hoping, by thus changing the light, to catch the shade most favorable to the wishes of Mrs. Spencer. "Your manœuvering, Phillis, is all in vain," said she impatiently; "the color will never be the one I want."

"Perhaps the morning will give you perfect satisfaction, my dear, said Mr. Spencer."

"How can you be so thoughtless, Henry? Is it not for the evening I chiefly want the room for which it is intended? Have you not observed Mrs. Montague's drawing-room, how beautifully every color of the furniture harmonizes?"

"I never have noticed it," was the frank acknowledgment.

"You never notice any thing I wish you particularly to observe."

Quick as an electric flash might be seen the revulsion of poor Phillis's feelings, as she hastily obeyed the command to remove the carpet instantly out of sight. This ebullition of angry feeling subsided into a low-spirited, self-dissatisfied state of mind, little disposed to give or receive pleasure through the remainder of the evening. And Emma continued taciturn, till, on retiring to her chamber for the night, Phillis, who was in attendance, mentioned a distressing casualty which had just befallen one of the children of Dr. Campbell, the clergyman of C*****.

"There is nothing but trouble, I think, in this world," said Emma, in a tone as if she thought herself much afflicted.

"There is a great deal of comfort as well as trouble," replied Phillis meekly; "but trouble is often better for us in the end than comfort."

"Why, Phillis, what good do you think it will do Mrs. Campbell, who has had sickness in every possible form in her family through the past year, to have poor Caty's fractured arm added to the list?"

"I do not know exactly what good it will do her; but I am certain, it will be blessed to her, if she makes a right use of it. I am sure such a loving master as Jesus would never require his followers to take up a burden every day, if it was not designed to give them strength in the end."

"That is true, Phillis; and yet I never can see the connection between sorrow and improvement. My troubles injure rather than make me better."

"Your troubles?" said Phillis with a mournful smile; "you don't know what trouble is. You have always been like a chicken under its mother's wing; no harm has ever come to you. But Mrs. Campbell has gone through many trials, and yet she is very bright and cheerful. Sometimes when I am going by the Academy, and see the boys at their gymnastic exercises, it reminds me of the struggles of the good;—the harder they are, the more strength a person gains."

Emma's spirits had recovered their accustomed tone. At the breakfast-table she was herself again, and listened when her husband spoke of an interesting piece of intelligence in the paper of the preceding evening. "You allude," said the Judge, "to the freedom which has been given

to the slaves in some of the English West India islands. I was rejoiced to see it, — I rejoice for the master as well as for the slave. For wherever liberty has been given to him from conscientious motives in the master, the latter has acquired a freedom more perfect than that he can impart to another. He has gained a power more extensive than he has ever yet enjoyed amidst the unbounded sway he has exerted over his subservient bondmen. Personal interest is a strong chain; and he who can break it when it interferes with the rights of others, escapes from a more injurious bondage than he can force upon his fellow creatures. But selfishness is not the only prison into which we cast ourselves. We are in the strictest sense enslaved, when we confine our attention to objects which are in themselves fugitive and worthless."

Emma understood, by the manner in which the few last words were uttered, that they were designed for her. She felt the reproof, and was desirous to excuse herself. "Do you not think, sir," said she, "that there are great differences in native strength of mind? Some have a power of resistance; they can be firm in the very moment of temptation, and can come off conquerors amidst a host of assailants."

"There is, no doubt, my dear, some native difference; but the power to resist is given to all, exertion alone is wanted, with prayer for divine aid. We have various faculties bestowed, the exercise of all of which is necessary to our well-being; but they must be exercised according to

their value. The senses are to be brought into subjection to the intellectual and moral faculties; and it is the power of subduing the former and following the guidance of the latter, in which the noblest liberty consists;—a blessing, though open to all, yet very imperfectly enjoyed or estimated."

"But I am sometimes driven by the impulse of uncontrollable feeling to words and actions for which I am immediately sorry, yet which I could not help at the moment; for instance, when a carpet, long expected, finally arrives, and does not suit me," said Emma, turning to her husband with a confiding smile, sure of the forgiveness she thus indirectly sought, "what is to be done in such a crisis?"

"The wrong did not begin in your unreasonable dissatisfaction, Emma," replied her grandfather, "but in the habit of allowing your thoughts to turn with frequency and an undue interest upon low, unworthy objects. According to the direction of our blessed Saviour, we must guard the springs of thought, watch over and regulate the curious, complicated machinery within; that our outward conduct may be drawn out like a beautiful web, with threads of different hues and figures of various forms, but all conspiring to an harmonious, perfect whole."

"But how difficult it is," urged Emma, "to turn our attention from objects that are constantly pressing upon the senses."

"Our Saviour admits the difficulty," replied the Judge; "he has pronounced it hard for the rich man to enter heaven. Hence the use of

afflictions. From the midst of the withered hopes of this world there often springs up a new life; — eyes which can see the fleeting nature of earthly objects, ears which can hear the voices of the dead; an activity ready, like Peter, to run to see the risen Lord, to embrace, like Mary, his feet, to gaze, like the admiring Apostles, on his ascending glory, till the exaggerated size and present glitter disappear from sublunary things, and they assume their true color and just proportions."

Chapter II.

CHANGE AT WOODLAND.

"Are you not well?" anxiously inquired Emma of her husband, as he stood one morning waiting for the carriage that was to take him to the city.

"Perfectly so," was the hasty reply, while an alternate flush and paleness crossed his cheek. "Have I given you a note," he suddenly asked, "that I brought out last evening from Mrs. Davenport? No? Then I have been very negligent."

"It is only," said Emma, carelessly reading and throwing down the note, "an invitation to dine with her to-day with those tedious Dunmores; I shall be thankful when this round of bridal parties

is accomplished. Your aunt desires me to bring Ellen. I am nothing in her eyes without Ellen, and she, poor child, would be [illegible]g if her resemblance to you were less [illegible] Am I not very ungrateful to this good aunt, who loves my better half so well, even though she does see no worth at all in the other moiety?"

"Emma," said Mr. Spencer, in a tone of irritation foreign to himself, "will you, or not, give me an answer?

"My dear husband, what have I said?" inquired the amazed wife.

"Nothing, you have said nothing, my love. John is very dilatory this morning. I will send the carriage back for you, and shall depend on seeing you at three o'clock."

"Oh no, I cannot go this beautiful autumnal day. My heart always sinks at the first stroke of the horses' hoofs on the city pavement, and I should be quite in despair to be going to listen to Mrs. Davenport's cold remarks to me, when the birds are singing their last sweet songs at Woodland. Besides, I want to take a run in the forest with my little darling," cried Emma fondly, as a child of three years old bounded into the parlor, fresh and blooming, and with fairy-footed lightness sprung to her father's arms, and clung laughing round his neck. He kissed her cheeks alternately many times. But suddenly released himself from her embrace, as with wondering looks she put her velvet hand to his face "to wipe away," she said, "the tears which were in papa's eyes." Though this had escaped Emma's

notice, her heart was oppressed. She had disobliged her husband, she had selfishly consulted her own inclination; and now, when free to indulge it, the promised pleasure seemed tasteless. The walk was delayed till Ellen's entreaties could be no longer resisted, and she sauntered through woods, those palaces of nature, with an air as listless as if there was no majesty in the lofty pine, or beauty in the lowly violet.

Such, however, is the power of childish gayety, especially over a mother's heart, that her spirits rose as she contemplated the joyous creature darting like a butterfly from object to object; — now concealing herself behind a shrub or tree; then starting forward, terrified by her own loneliness, and clinging to her mother with reiterated shouts of wild glee; again running forward and as hastily returning, to repeat over and over the rapturous frolic. "Hush, hush, Elly; I hear Phillis calling." And presently Phillis was seen, hurrying on as fast as her enfeebled limbs would allow. "Stop," cried Mrs. Spencer, "you are out of breath, Phillis; wait till I come up to you." But Phillis heeded not her own fatigue, till she had announced Mr. Spencer's return home.

"What can have brought him home at this hour?"

"I don't know," replied Phillis, trembling with ill-concealed agitation.

Phillis had been a domestic in Judge Thurston's family even before Mrs. Spencer's birth. She had had her own sorrows, much severe sick-

ness, the loss of her dearest relations; and her heart was feelingly alive to every thing that painfully touched the family she had so long served. Through all, she had kept on her equal course, walking her steady round with quiet self-command; her calm countenance receiving, from any extraordinary conflict within, only a deepened shade of gravity. It is no wonder, then, that Emma took the alarm; and, though half a mile from home, she knew not the lapse of a moment till she was at the door of the room to which her husband had retired. On entering, she found him standing motionless. A few hours had wrought a wonderful change. There was a fixed, unnatural expression of the eyes, while the deep crimson of his face was dreadfully contrasted with streaks of ashy paleness. "My husband, my beloved husband, speak, speak to your Emma," cried the distressed wife. An attempt to answer, terminating in a laugh, was the terrible response. In vain she bathed his hands with her tears, and exhausted every epithet of tenderness; — the power of speech seemed denied. Till suddenly, with great effort, he exclaimed, "Your grandfather in his old age is reduced to beggary. The officers are now attaching my property; they will be here this evening." The utterance of these words operated too powerfully upon nerves weakened by the concealed anxiety of several preceding weeks. A strong convulsive fit succeeded. Emma, in an agony of terror, applied, with trembling hands, every remedy brought by Phillis, whose presence of mind

never forsook her in the moment of greatest extremity. All were in vain, till the physician, who had been immediately called, relieved him by copious bleeding.

With the return of consciousness, though extremely exhausted, Mr. Spencer desired an immediate interview with his grandfather. "Wait till to-morrow, my dear sir," said the doctor; "sleep is very important to you." And drawing Mrs. Spencer out of the room, "Your husband, my dear madam," said he, "must not be allowed to speak on any subject likely to interest him; there is an evident determination of blood to the head, — every thing depends upon quiet. I am apprehensive also for the Judge; an agitating scene may, I fear, bring on one of his paroxysms."

"I have never known them produced by any mental affection; — my grandfather, you know, has great self-command."

"I am aware of that, and I hope there is no cause for uneasiness," said the doctor. "I do not wish to alarm, but only to put you on your guard."

When Mrs. Spencer returned to the chamber, she found her husband commanding Phillis in the most imperative tone to allow him to rise; while she, with the gentlest persuasions, was striving to quiet the sufferer. "Emma," cried he wildly, "I must, I will see the Judge; — you shall not — you cannot withhold me from him. It is necessary, it is absolutely indispensable. Let me see him while reason is granted me." Emma cast

a look of deep, imploring anxiety upon Phillis, who softly whispered in reply; "God hears and mercifully answers his creatures in the hour of need."

Mrs. Spencer had daily joined in the family worship. A glow of gratitude had sometimes warmed her heart, — an awe of divine majesty had occasionally impressed her mind, — reason had often acknowledged the dependence of the creature on the Creator. But in the short, fervent prayer she now offered, there was a feeling altogether new. The path-way to the presence of God seemed suddenly opened. No intervening object obscured the beamings of paternal love. A confidence of aid from the Source of wisdom and of power imparted an internal strength she had never before experienced. "You shall see my grandfather," said she calmly. "I know his presence can never be injurious to you. I will go and bring him myself."

She opened the door of her grandfather's study, a remote apartment, where he had been reading, undisturbed by the painful events which Emma had now come to communicate. The doctor's intimation that dangerous consequences might arise from any uncommon excitement, and the perfect knowledge she knew he had of her grandfather's case, filled her with a sudden, uncontrollable dread as she stood unperceived in his venerable presence. She retreated, hesitating between conflicting fears. Again her uplifted heart sought the firmness that it needed, the aid which is never withheld from the sincere supplicant. She gently

touched her grandfather's arm to gain attention, and with quiet resolution briefly conveyed the tidings. The result proved that her hopes were not unfounded. Though surprised at the pecuniary embarrassment, and pained by the illness of Mr. Spencer, there was no sudden irruption of feeling, no violent breaking-up of the barriers that guarded his serenity. The resources collected for the hour of tribulation were at hand to meet the emergency, and he stood at the bed-side with a peaceful benignity that seemed at once to infuse into every mind a kindred composure. Phillis seized the opportunity to retire from the room, fearing lest Mr. Spencer, not noticing her presence, might speak of private concerns not proper for her to hear.

After a pause of a few moments, he turned to the Judge, and grasping his hand, said, "My affairs, sir, are in a desperate state. Yet it is not for myself, but for you, that I am thus distressed."

"Have you done wrong, my son? Have you designedly injured any one?"

"The only voluntary wrong has been the concealment from you; which was from an ill-judged tenderness to my wife, together with an unwillingness to give you anxiety. I hoped to struggle through."

"Say no more, my dear Henry; if you have not done violence to your own conscience, fear not for any wound this may inflict on the feelings of your wife."

"But your own fortune, sir, is involved in the

general wreck. This place will be attached immediately; — Woodland, your home, is lost."

"Be calm, my son," said the Judge; "'In my Father's house are many mansions.' The loss of an earthly home may help me to perceive with a clearer vision those blessed abodes. Take some repose now; to-morrow we will speak on the subject."

Many weeks elapsed before Mr. Spencer was again able to attend to business. A nervous fever, which threatened his life, was the consequence of an extreme anxiety induced by a series of mercantile failures, which finally produced the dreaded catastrophe. He had been admitted a partner of Mr. Davenport, his uncle, a merchant in New Orleans. The house was considered too firm to be affected by ordinary commercial fluctuations; and Judge Thurston felt himself safe in gratifying a desire to promote the interest of Mr. Spencer by giving his name as security to the full amount his fortune would warrant. Caution, he often acknowledged, would have dictated another course. At times he even doubted whether it was right thus to put his property at hazard; but he was led on by a benevolent sympathy in the concerns of his grandson, knowing that, in his insulated state, there was none immediately dependent upon him, but those whom he was thus endeavoring to serve. It was letters from Mr. Davenport confirming the dreaded bankruptcy, which had driven Mr. Spencer to the state of despair in which he had returned home. As soon as his health would admit, an arrange-

ment of his affairs was commenced; Woodland, of course fell into the hands of his creditors. But they generously allowed to Judge Thurston a portion of his property sufficient for a comfortable support.

How Emma would have borne this reverse is uncertain, had she not, during the sickness of her husband, arrived at results, to which no force of reasoning, unaided by heavenly light, could have brought her. She had seen the object of her tenderest love, — him on whom she had clung for support, delirious, helpless, — his existence hanging, as it were, by the most attenuated thread. But from the bed-side of this enfeebled being, she had looked to the Giver of life; her heart had expanded in view of his love, it had been elevated in the contemplation of his power. Lessons of wisdom had poured in upon her mind, as she saw the grandeur and eternal nature of the spiritual world, in contrast with the weakness and fugitiveness of those objects, on which she had hitherto reposed. The present had receded, had lost its blinding influence, amidst the deep emotion; and her eyes were opened, not only to the vanity of the outward world, but to her own unworthiness, to her own inward deficiencies. New desires, — new spiritual desires, mingled with those for her husband's safety. These impressions were not transitory, — they did not pass away with her husband's sickness; as was evinced by the solicitude she discovered to bring her mind into harmony with the change in her fortune.

A striking evidence of this was soon witnessed

in her acquiescence in a proposal made by Mrs. Davenport to unite their families. Emma's feelings would have strongly revolted against such an arrangement, had not her recent reflections come to her aid. And when it was urged by her grandfather, that the scheme would join economy with her husband's convenience, and highly gratify Mrs. Davenport, who had almost parental claims upon Mr. Spencer, she readily yielded, and endeavored to subdue the disinclination she felt to a close contact with her aunt. The faults of that lady's temper Emma had not hitherto borne with a forgiving spirit. She reflected with sorrow on her past want of forbearance, and resolved to show in future that she was not unmindful of her duty to the benefactress of her husband. Mr. Spencer had been committed in early childhood, by his last surviving parent, to the care of Mrs. Davenport, who, amidst whatever perverseness occasionally manifested itself towards others, had uniformly bestowed upon him the tenderness of a mother's love. When she left her native village in New Hampshire to become the wife of Mr. Davenport, she rejoiced in the enlargement of her means to bless this object of her devoted attachment. And she now proposed a union of the families, hoping in some way to lighten the burden or promote the interest of her nephew, even while deeply suffering herself from the adverse circumstances in which she was equally involved. Emma felt that she had been culpable in her insensibility to the kindness which has been thus lavished on her husband, and she

entered with alacrity on the preparations necessary for their new mode of life.

"We are going to leave Woodland," said she to Phillis, as they were one day engaged together in removing some pictures, "and must part with all our servants. I have a little project for you which I am sure will be agreeable. You know the pretty room with the vine over the window, that you always liked so much in your cousin's house. I have inquired and find you can rent it. There you can live, and with the work——"

"O, say no more," interrupted Phillis. "I cannot leave you. Where you go, I must go. I can work, I can do more, a great deal more, than you have ever allowed me to do."

"But we can no longer remunerate your services as we have done."

"I shall not want any thing, I have but one request, — if you will only grant that, — I have been trying to ask you several weeks, but could not get courage."

"What is it?" inquired Mrs. Spencer eagerly; "I am sure I shall be pleased to grant whatever you can ask."

"It is only," said Phillis, drawing a little book from her pocket, and presenting it with a trembling hand, "it is only that you will accept this."

Tears fell from Mrs. Spencer's eyes, when she discovered it was the Savings Bank book, in which her deposits had been recorded. "And was this the favor you were afraid to ask?"

"It is so little I was ashamed to offer it; but if you will accept it, it may do some small good."

"It will do a great deal of good," replied Mrs. Spencer, "if you will take care of it for me, Phillis; and when I am in want you shall be the first friend I will call upon."

"But why will you not take it and use it at once?"

"I have no present use for money," replied Mrs. Spencer; "keep it for me till I am in need."

Soon after this, a sale of the furniture at Woodland took place. Emma was surprised to find several pieces which she had particularly valued, marked as purchased for her; and on inquiry she found that Phillis had employed an agent to buy them with the money that she had frugally laid up from her wages.

Chapter III.

THE FAREWELL.

I am afflicted," said Mr. Spencer, addressing nimself to Judge Thurston, as he rapidly paced the room on the evening before the departure of the family from Woodland, "at points where I can least bear it. To make my wife happy, to be a blessing to you, was my highest earthly aim, my fondest desire. Was this unworthy of a son and husband?"

"It was virtuous," replied the Judge, "and the power of exercising this disposition still

remains. God has only withdrawn the means in which you too much trusted. He can appoint other ways, by which you may make us equally happy, and at the same time advance ten-fold your own improvement. Some quality is to be brought forward by this adversity, which has not yet had its due share of culture. It is to nurse your patience, to increase your fortitude, to strengthen your faith in an all-pervading Providence, or to quicken your perception of the suitableness of the means which God uses for your moral education. Some faculty of the mind, some virtue of the heart, some spiritual power will be the reward, if you run with a co-operating will to meet the designs of Him who ruleth over all events.

"Life," continued he, "may be compared to a school, composed of children endowed with properties of general resemblance, yet varying in disposition and degrees of intellect. A judicious teacher appoints to each the task best suited to unfold his mind and cultivate his affections. There are amongst them the idle, headstrong, and disobedient, who gain nothing from the labor and teaching which are bestowed upon them; others docile and teachable, who derive all the advantage his instruction is designed to impart. From this last class let us select one. He receives the lesson appointed, — it may be a geometrical query. The diagram before him appears but a confused entanglement of lines. But he fixes his attention; — he labors at first at a single point; — some light dawns upon his

mind,—he urges on,—the task is severe,—his hand is at his forehead,—he is entirely absorbed. No whispered enticements of his companions can withdraw his attention; the appointed work must be accomplished. He has nearly mastered it, when a new difficulty arises; his ardor is damped; tears suffuse his eyes. But he looks at his benignant master, and remembers that he has been directed to ask his assistance. He arises to go to him, and is met on the way. The teacher has noticed his efforts, and is as ready to give the aid as the child to demand it. He wipes away the tears, and encourages by commendation,—removes the difficulties by a clearer explanation of principles, and sends him back to his studies with a lightened heart and renewed energy. The demonstration is made out. The conscious exercise of power, united with obedience to his master, imparts dignity to the cheerfulness with which he seizes the opportunities for recreation. He would gladly go on the next day with what has now become agreeable to his taste. But his master assigns him a new course of study. His memory, it may be, is now tasked, or his fancy is put to the stretch;—but he struggles on till his education is completed; he receives the approbation of his friends, and enjoys within himself the reward of his labors. A companion of equal capacity, who has refused to obey, who has been unwilling to apply himself,—frivolous when he should be serious, angry when he ought to be penitent, his activity wasted in mischief, noble powers lost through idleness, bad disposi-

tions nourished by vain repinings or in open rebellion,—has destroyed the happiness, and missed the honors he might have secured, by neglecting the means of improvement which were before him."

"I admit, sir," said Mr. Spencer, "the necessity of activity, of virtuous effort, for the attainment of happiness; but can virtue be arrived at only through suffering? Would the hand be less dear to us because it withheld afflictions? Should we love God less for *not* afflicting us? I cannot see the necessity of this painful apparatus, —these outward disappointments,—these inward struggles."

"An unchangeable course," replied the Judge, "of what we term prosperity, is too limited, its boundaries are too narrow for the exercise of our whole nature. The various circumstances in which we are placed are each necessary to draw out the latent powers, to give strength to the inner man, to bring its attributes to light. Hardships, privations, sorrows, thus become our greatest blessings. They are implements with which God furnishes us, to labor on his building.—Noble privilege! to be fellow laborers with Him in the great work of giving life to the soul! *Life* and *death* are figures frequently used by our Saviour to represent holiness and sin. Holiness, in his language, is a new birth;—his doctrine is a *living* spring; his way is emphatically *life*. St. Paul, in imitation of his Master, calls him who is governed by the spirit in opposition to the flesh, "a *new* creature." It is in this new creation,—this

purer essence, if I may so express it, that God permits his creatures to be fellow workers with himself. He raises us by the most endearing, ennobling communion; he unites us, through Jesus, to himself, by permitting us to participate in his beneficent designs."

"Your view, sir, throws light," interrupted Emma, "upon a passage which I have never before so well understood. We are directed by St. Paul 'to work out our own salvation, for it is God which worketh in us.'"

"Yes, my dear; we are called 'God's husbandry;' and are thus animated to labor to follow the guidance of his eye, and pursue the path he lays open before us, sure that at last we shall be refreshed with draughts from the river of his pleasures."

The conversation was interrupted by visiters, who came to express their sorrow at parting with a family so much esteemed. Even Mrs. Montague forgot awhile her favorite theme, and made no attempt to initiate Emma into the delightful mysteries of the latest fashion. But her habitual levity could not be long suppressed; and turning to Mrs. Campbell, the wife of the clergyman, "I am sorry," said she, "to see Mr. Spencer looking so ill. I fear he is allowing trouble to prey upon his mind too deeply. I wish he had my faculty of shaking it off. I never allow any thing to vex me."

"Pray how do you arrive at this happy disposition?" inquired Mrs. Campbell.

"By amusement," replied the lady. "If I

meet with a misfortune, I make some alteration in my house, furnish an apartment, exercise my fancy in working new coverings for my chairs or crickets. If that will not do, I take a little journey,—a novel, a play, any thing, in short, to keep the vexing circumstance out of my mind."

"Can you always succeed?" asked Mrs. Campbell.

"Yes, when I am in good health. Yet I must acknowledge I do not find it quite so easy now as when I was younger. I am growing nervous, and am sometimes scarcely able to speak through a whole day; but then I seclude myself. You know one must not appear in society without smiles; serenity is quite indispensable to polished manners. I wonder how Judge Thurston has so eminently acquired his graceful tranquillity. Look, what a sublime tableau!—a perfect Socrates! That mien could only have been acquired by an early intercourse with high-bred society."

"It was by communion with his own heart, and not with the world," said Mrs. Campbell, "that he attained the quietness you so much admire. Instead of attempting when in trouble to fly from himself by rushing to outward pleasure, he sought a more intimate acquaintance with the world within. He endeavored to ascertain for what purpose the trial was sent, what disease it was designed to cure; having discovered that, he diligently applied the remedy, and was healed."

"What?" asked Mrs. Montague, "do you suppose afflictions are sent as punishments?"

"Not as punishments;—this is a probationary

state, not a retributive one; — but as means for our improvement!"

"You suppose, then, that every trial we meet is designed to correct some fault of the character?"

"Such is my conviction," said Mrs. Campbell. "The connection, I allow, is not always obvious; but if it leads us to exert self-control, it will certainly do us good."

"Pardon me if I entreat you," cried Mrs. Montague, "not to use that wearisome word; — select any other phrase than *self-control*, except, indeed, its synonymes. The very sound of a word implying so much labor is exhausting. To be for ever watching one's self, keeping guard, putting things in order, is too severe a task. Such a course would be quite insupportable. I should feel in perpetual thraldom!"

"And yet it is the only way," said Mrs. Campbell, "by which you can arrive at that true peacefulness you think so becoming."

"O no," said Mrs. Montague, laughing; "I can put it on with my fancy dress."

"And will the semblance of peace demand no self-control?" asked Mrs. Campbell.

"One can endure restraint," was the reply, "for a single evening amidst festivity and lustre."

"But are you never in fear," demanded Mrs. Campbell, "that some turbulent enemy within, will derange your features and betray the internal disorder?"

"In that case," answered Mrs. Montague, "an air still more gay, a still livelier repartee, throws around one a dazzling veil." — And

turning abruptly to Mrs. Spencer, she made some inquiries relative to her departure and domestic arrangements. "You will take, no doubt, your excellent Phillis," said she.

"We cannot persuade her to leave us," replied Mrs. Spencer, "though we fear the city will not be favorable to her health."

"She is really a treasure," cried Mrs. Montague, "it is so unusual to be thus beloved by our domestics. There is something too, particularly pleasing about her, very mild and lady-like," continued she, in a tone as if such an application of these epithets might create a smile. But the language was so much in harmony with Emma's estimate of Phillis, that she perceived no incongruity, and replied that she was not less refined in character than in manner. "And yet with all her gentleness," added Emma, "she exerts great control over the other servants, and even my little Ellen yields to her soft sway much more readily than to mine."

"Pray how does she gain this influence?" inquired Mrs. Montague.

"I do not know, unless it is by her quiet regularity and disinterested care of others. In all her settled resolutions she perseveres, however inconvenient it may be to herself. I have often felt reproved by her constancy. She undertook, some years ago, to hear John our gardener read of an evening; and no indisposition, no fatigue, has ever induced her to omit it. And it is edifying to hear the ingenious arguments by which she induces poor reluctant John to adhere to the

rule. From which, we, as well as he, have derived benefit; for it has frequently helped to induce a habit of order, in which when he first came to us he was sadly deficient."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Montague; "who would think there was so much excellence concealed under that jet complexion?"

Mrs. Spencer looked down instinctively, while a pensive shade passed across her face; it was painful to her to hear any coarse allusion to the casket in which was such a "rare deposit of Christian graces."

"Pray," cried Mrs. Montague, rising, "make my adieu to your admirable Phillis. I shall never forget the hospitable smile with which she has so often received me at your door."

"Here she is to thank you for your kind remembrance," said Emma, as Phillis opened the parlor door, who replied to Mrs. Montague's unexpected notice with a timid courtesy and a look of unaffected modesty.

The next day was one of movement; but the lively, despatchful look, that mutually quickens on occasions of extraordinary bustle, was wanting; an air of gravity pervaded all who were engaged in the preparations for departure. "I can't see how it is," said John, as he aided Phillis in tightening some packages, "that trouble falls so often upon good people."

"What do you do," asked Phillis, "when the plant that you want to bring forward is too much shaded?"

"Why, if the shoots round it are not of much

value, I cut them away till the sun can come fairly at it."

"So God does with a creature that he loves," said Phillis; "he takes away what comes between it and the 'sun of righteousness.'"

"That makes me think of what you read to me the other night about the vine-dresser. I thought then it was very natural. It struck my mind, for it was just as I had done a hundred times; — prune away the dead branches from the vine that it might bear more fruit. That seems to make it clear; that taking away what prevents our coming to a right growth, and having a right flavor, as it were, is all in kindness to us. But then, Phillis, there is another difficulty. The Judge seems to me pretty near right. I never expect to see a better man than he is, — I would work for him now for half wages. But he tells me he'll have no garden in the city. Now that is a thing I can't bear the thought of; it makes me very down-hearted whenever I think that he is to have no grounds to walk about. But what I was going to say is this, — the Judge seems to me, as I said before, about good enough."

"Do you mean by that," said Phillis, with a countenance expressive of deep awe, "that you think the Judge is fully prepared to die?"

"That was my meaning," replied John.

"You would not think so, if you had read the Bible more carefully. You would have learned there too much of the character of God to think any creature good. The heavens are not pure in his sight, the longest and holiest life that was

ever spent will still come short of what God requires."

"Then how can I ever hope to be accepted? For instead of getting beyond the Judge, I am sure I shall never get up to him."

"We shall not, I trust, John," said Phillis, "be measured by a comparison with our fellow creatures, but according to our own endeavors to please God. You may never be tried just as the Judge has been. You may never be called upon to give up such a pleasant place as Woodland. But then, John, you will have your trials too; and if you are patient when they come; if you return a soft word for a harsh one; if you do a good deed to him who crosses your path; if you are faithful to your employers, and resist every temptation to dishonest gain; if you try to overcome wrong inclinations, and look constantly to Jesus as your redeemer, your guide, and rule of conduct, — then God will look down in mercy upon you, and will accept your endeavors to please him."

"I thank you, Phillis, for this good advice; but I fear I shall never do so well as you have tried to make me. I hope you will pray for me," continued John, wiping his eyes with his coat-sleeve; "for it seems to me, Phillis, that what you ask will be listened to, and answered, when the voices of some that are thought great in the world will not even be heard."

Phillis's reply was prevented by orders to have the carriage brought round to the door. It was soon waiting. While Ellen was impatiently draw-

ing her father towards it, Phillis was depositing various little articles that required her particular care, and John was standing at the carriage steps to give his aiding arm to the Judge.

Emma had visited that morning every room, had looked from every window, had bade adieu again and again to her walks, her trees, and her flowers. But her heart yearned for one more look. She flew to the study window, and with straining eyes eagerly gathered up every part of the landscape, as if by this intensity of emotion to imprint it for ever on her memory. On turning to leave the room, she found her grandfather had come there also, not to indulge a useless sensibility, but to offer one more devout ejaculation in an apartment sanctified by many prayers. "My presence shall go with thee," was the strengthening conviction received in answer. Emma's offered arm was unheeded as he hastened to the carriage; a youthful vigor quickened his step, while a celestial animation irradiated his countenance. And Woodland was left far behind, when a slight trembling of the lips evinced the tender sorrow he felt at quitting it. Even this was unobserved by all but Ellen, who, looking a few minutes with anxious wonder at a sight so strange, struggled from Phillis's arms, and seeking a seat on her grandfather's knee, kissed his hands over and over, saying, with every new caress, "I love grandpapa;" as if this assurance could not fail to restore his accustomed cheerful aspect.

The change in Mrs. Davenport's situation had

not been less striking than in that of those whom she was now to receive as inmates. And having attached vast importance to a handsome establishment, the reverse she now experienced deeply wounded her vanity, and served to increase the native harshness of her temper. She was consequently not much disposed to overlook the many little incivilities and neglects of which she conceived, and but too justly, that Emma had been guilty. The feelings of the latter were very different. Pleased with herself for having overcome her strong repugnance to this close union, she felt more kindly disposed towards her aunt than she had ever been before. And when the carriage stopped, in an obscure, dirty street, before a gloomy house, sympathy overcame every other feeling, and she hastened forward to meet Mrs. Davenport with an affectionate warmth she had never till now exhibited. But she was instantly repelled by the chilling air of indifference with which Mrs. Davenport returned her salutation, and the slight touch of the hand which she had so cordially extended. Yet her own reception was less depressing, than the cold punctilious ceremony with which her grandfather was received. As soon as possible she retired to make some arrangements in the room particularly designed for his use. It was in the second story; from two of the windows a brick wall of a neighboring house which might be touched by the hand concealed every object but its own dull surface; the remaining one looked out upon a narrow yard, walled up by the surrounding

buildings, so that the sun could never send one ray to visit its damp flag-stones. "O," cried Emma, bursting into tears, "is this our home?"

"Jesus had nowhere to lay his head," said Phillis, meekly, while tears of sympathy were trembling in her eyes.

"If I could keep that thought ever in mind! Yet it is not for myself alone, but my grandfather."

"He has so long leaned upon the Rock of Ages," said Phillis, "that the world cannot take away his support. All places have peace for him. But what will become of Mr. Spencer, if he sees you sorrowing in this way? Try to keep up this evening; — may be you will feel happier to-morrow. God is everywhere; and where we are nearest to him, there is our happiest home;" said she, in tones of tender humility.

"I will endeavor to obtain a better spirit," said Emma. "You may leave me alone now. But where will you go, Phillis? Not to your own pleasant room at Woodland, and to the companions who knew and loved you. I am afraid these strangers will not be thoughtful of your comfort."

"Do not think of that," said Phillis. "I rather fear that I shall not love them enough; — for it is loving, you know, more than being loved, that makes us happy."

When Phillis had left the room, Emma, turning her eyes from every outward object, sought an interview with her own soul. The religious education she had received, and which, amidst the enjoyments that had surrounded her life, had failed of the practical influence it was designed

to impart, now afforded materials for healthful meditation. Abraham's departure from the country of his youth, once read merely as an historical fact, now arose to her recollection with self-applying interest. His prompt obedience, his clear, unwavering, hope-inspiring faith, stood out in reproving contrast with her own present dejection. In reviewing the history of his life with its trials and sacrifices, her own blessings assumed their just proportions. And so deep was the sense of her ingratitude, that she would gladly have hid herself from her own inspection while the goodness of God was passing before her; and when from meditation her mind rose to prayer, it was not resignation, but forgiveness, that she sought.

On returning to the parlor, Emma's own feelings invested every thing with a more cheerful aspect; she introduced topics of conversation, paid kind attentions to Mrs. Davenport, and before the evening had closed, was surprised at the sense of happiness springing up within her. When the morning came, there were, it is true, none of the rural melodies to which her ear had always been accustomed, and to which she had delighted to listen. But she was still surrounded by the voices of those she loved, and, in seeking their good, she soon ceased to regret what had been lost. If wounded by the hard manner of Mrs. Davenport, Emma put forth her patience; and rejoicing in the power to exert it, endeavored to overcome evil with good, while she clung still closer to those in whose hearts she knew she had large possessions.

The contented, cheerful tone of feeling to which Emma had now arrived, was suddenly interrupted by letters from Mr. Davenport, urging her husband to take charge of some mercantile concerns in India, that would prove highly favorable to his interest. This proposal was received by Mr. Spencer with mingled feelings. On the one hand, the prospect of doing business in the city where he was now residing having entirely failed, he was glad to seize any opportunity for the exercise of useful activity; but, on the other, it was extremely painful to put the resignation of his wife to so severe a test. He could not summon resolution to name the subject to her, till his abstracted manner being noticed, obliged him to acknowledge the cause. Mr. Spencer was not aware how far the operation that had been going on in the mind of his wife had extended, how far she had learned to bring her will under the guidance of religious principle; and was surprised at the manner with which she received the intelligence, and her ready acquiescence in the wishes he had so reluctantly communicated. There was no out-breaking of grief, no evidence that imagination had pictured her own loneliness with selfish exaggeration. An extreme paleness alone indicated a consciousness of the extent of the sacrifice she was called upon to make.

The mind sometimes arrives by a sudden sense of right to an heroic decision, to which it is difficult to adhere with a firmness correspondent to the manner with which it was first formed. It

was thus with Emma. She had at once nobly yielded to what she found were her husband's wishes; but when it became necessary to make actual preparations for his long absence, her misgiving heart was utterly cast down. "My dear Emma," said her grandfather, after having more than once surprised her in tears, "I am not insensible to your grief, — I feel the cause deeply; but we must endeavor to sustain ourselves by considerations worthy our profession."

"I am sensible," replied Emma, "of my inconsistency. I desire — at least I thought I desired, to be a follower of Jesus. Yet I have none of his spirit, none of his resignation."

"Yours, my dear, is not an uncommon inconsistency; we would be followers of Jesus, yet we shrink from the perils of his path. We would be imitators of him, so far as we can be so without involving any self-discipline, or any of those painful circumstances in which he was placed. We would be meek like our Lord, yet we are dismayed at the ridicule, contempt, insult, and contradictions, through which this temper must be perfected; we would be strong to overcome the seductions of sense, yet repine when no means are at hand to relieve our wants; the resistance of severe temptation is glorious in our Guide, yet we reluctantly submit to the slightest inconvenience. Jesus left the glories of heaven and his father's bosom to come to our relief; the self-sacrifice fills us with admiration, we gaze with rapture; yet we cannot part with one of our friends, though it is often by the rupture of these ties

alone, that our spirit gains freedom for a heavenward direction. Jesus gave his life for the remission of our sins, while we weep at the immolation of a single affection, though our love is to be purified and exalted by the sacrifice."

"I know, from my own experience, that this is true. I shrink from trial, and would fain shun it, even while I am aware that a peculiar virtue can be formed only through some trial peculiarly adapted to produce it. We do not, I know, offer the statesman, whose eloquence charms and moves a wide community, as a guide to regulate the movements of the unlettered peasant in his humble toil; nor hold up as an example to the debilitated, pensive invalid, him over whose free features exuberant health pours its influence."

"Certainly. not," replied the Judge; "we stimulate the poor man to his daily task by pointing to his industrious fellow husbandman, whose fruitful fields bear testimony to the faithful tillage of their owner; and to the sick, we present a pattern of long-enduring bodily distress, as an encouragement to the exercise of patience. In all the common affairs of life, we are quick to discern adaptations, we admire them in the economy of nature, of providence, and of grace; but rebel against their particular application to ourselves, when any suffering is involved."

"It is so difficult," said Emma, "to give these considerations their due weight amidst the pressure of misfortune!"

"I fear, my dear, it is because we do not enough meditate upon results, we do not look to

the end. We are called upon to follow 'him who was acquainted with grief,' to bear a cross, not at distant intervals, but daily. The flesh, with the affections and lusts, is not to be occasionally denied, it is to be crucified. But for what purpose is this discipline? It is, that, having suffered with Jesus, we may reign with him, that we may be made heirs with him of an heavenly inheritance, that we may be crowned with eternal happiness."

"But these results," said Emma, "are remote and unseen, while the pain is present. I do not mean that this excuses an habitual want of cheerfulness, it serves only as some apology for occasional dejection; for I know, that, if our faith were perfect, the intervening time would have no power to trouble and cloud our hopes."

"The joys of a holy life, my dear, are not entirely reserved for a future state. Virtue and happiness are closely connected. Virtue is the root, happiness the flower. It is true that the blossom is sometimes whirled away, or crushed by the various accidents to which it is exposed here; but if the root is safe, it often buds and blooms again, even in this world, with renewed brightness. It is the doctrine of Jesus, that we are purified by suffering; he pronounces a blessing upon those who mourn; he declares those to be unworthy of him who are not willing to submit to the appointed process. He tells his disciples, that they shall have tribulations. 'Ye shall indeed drink of my cup,' are his affecting words. But what are the soothing assurances

with which they are accompanied! 'I will not leave you comfortless,—my peace I give unto you;' — a peace, which those who have enjoyed it, know to be better than all the pleasures of this world."

Emma looked up to her grandfather with an expression, which gave assurance that she recognised this truth with kindred feeling.

Chapter IV.

STUDY.

Mr. Spencer set sail on the evening of the seventh of September; and Emma, fearing to disturb the repose of her grandfather, whose chamber was contiguous to her own, retired at her usual hour, and fell at length into a light slumber, which was soon broken by a sudden, strong blast of wind. She started up to listen, but all was silent, and she hoped it might have been a dream; — but again a distant roar; — and then, gaining strength in its passage, the gust came rushing on, and shook the house furiously in its swift progress. Another and another followed in rapid succession, while to Emma's excited imagination it seemed as if each was destined to spend its force on the vessel that contained her husband. The first impulse was to fly to her grandfather to implore his prayers, to seek

refuge from the excess of her anxiety under the shelter of his firm and tranquillizing presence. But recollecting that he had appeared more feeble than usual, she refrained; and clasping her hands, damp with the cold sweat that suffused them, she commended her husband to the divine protection, and strove with her whole internal energy to remain quiet amidst the fierce rushing of the terrible element. The distress expressed on her features alone indicated to Phillis, as she softly glided into the chamber and seated herself at the bed-side, the extent of Emma's agitation. "There is a high wind round us," whispered Phillis, "but it may now be calm at sea. The storm may have been quieted by the same voice that said to a still wilder tempest, 'Peace, be still.'"

There was no reply; a muscular rigidity seemed to forbid to Emma the power of speech. The wind forced the rattling torrents with fury against the windows, which were illuminated at short intervals with an appalling glare, succeeded by peals of thunder that responded with terrific majesty to the wild roar of the tempest. "God is powerful," said Phillis; "these are his mighty works. O, what *love* must that be which is equal to such power as this!—and it must be equal, for God is love, his name is love."

These words had their effect; Emma's apprehensions gradually subsided. "God is love," she repeated; "can I not trust in his disposal? If my husband, — if my husband," she continued, firmly, "is in danger, there is an omnipotent arm to uphold him."

"O yes," said Phillis, with animation; "God is a present help, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, yet will we not fear."

Emma felt at that moment the sustaining power of faith to a degree never before experienced. She cast herself upon God, and was supported. Her tranquillity was restored, and she found it no longer a painful effort to remain quiet. When the storm had ceased, she rejoiced that she had not allowed her own alarm to disturb her grandfather; especially when summoned to his bed-side, at an early hour, to administer the restoratives which his disease frequently demanded. Though the palpitation and fainting continued longer than usual, Mrs. Spencer felt no uncommon anxiety; for she had been accustomed for several years to minister to her grandfather's relief in these paroxysms, which generally passed off without leaving any increase of the feebleness which was now his habitual state. As he took his breakfast in his own room, Emma left him as usual to join her aunt. She would gladly have stayed behind. For, as is often the case with the ill-tempered, Mrs. Davenport was commonly out of humor in the morning; her face seemed at that time more strongly marked with a stern expression; and her remarks too often corresponded with that unpleasant cast of countenance, to make her a desirable companion to one still deeply agitated between hope and fear. To her inquiries after the health of her aunt, she was roughly answered, that it was not to be ex-

pected she could be well after such a night;—if wives could sleep when their husbands were in danger, it was not in her power to do so; she had not been in bed since two o'clock;—but she believed there were people in the world entirely destitute of feeling.

Emma strove to keep back the tears that were coming to her eyes. She poured the milk into Ellen's cup, — and even in that little act had time to recollect the affection Mrs. Davenport bore her husband, and readily pardoned an insinuation which she knew was but the effervescence of a temper made more irritable by her present anxiety. And she tried by kind attentions to show that it was forgiven. But Mrs. Davenport would not be pleased, till the door-bell rang, and a letter from Mr. Spencer was handed to his trembling wife. "No disaster from the boisterous weather of last night — I am well — a fair wind — adieu, my beloved," — were the brief, but satisfactory contents. Perhaps the pleasure of having controlled the feelings is never more sensibly felt, than when it is immediately followed by a great outward blessing. Emma did not now regret that she had resisted her inclination to escape from the unpleasant society of her aunt, to that apartment where anger never came, and where she was always received with smiles of love and fond approval. Her impatience was now increased by the pleasant communication she had to make to her grandfather; — but she remained to listen to Mrs. Davenport, on whom the assurance of her nephew's safety

had wrought a wonderful change of humor, being now as foolishly loquacious as she had been before taciturn and morose. At length, all claims being satisfied, Emma hastened to her grandfather, and was surprised to find him looking very pale and languid. But he was still cheerful and disposed to converse; and when Mrs. Spencer remarked that she was surprised at the buoyancy of her mind on that day — the day after her husband's departure, — when she had feared a state of extreme despondency, "It is thus, my dear," said the Judge, "that God teaches us to depend on him for happiness. He can give it to us by means that our weak foresight would have pronounced not only inadequate, but entirely opposed to such a result. When the storm was approaching last night, you could not have anticipated that it was to be the instrument by which you were to be made happy at this moment of your privation. The knowledge of his safety diffuses through your heart a grateful joy, which even the presence of your husband on ordinary occasions could not impart. Let this event instruct you to repose on God, — to take no anxious thought, — but leave all with perfect confidence to his guidance."

The few last words were spoken in a faltering tone, and the returning symptoms of his disease soon prevented utterance. This quick recurrence of the illness awakened alarm, and a physician was instantly called. But before he arrived, the spirit had gone to realize those scenes on which its warmest affections and

brightest hopes had long been placed. Deep was the grief with which Emma gazed on the dear remains of her only parent; but the heaven-like expression his departing soul had left upon the features, seemed still exhorting her to look beyond the present scene. And when his venerated countenance could no longer admonish, his precepts and example still influenced the character of her sorrow. Her tears were not those of unmingled wo, but of sweet remembrance and joyful hope. There were moments when she could rejoice, even amidst her own loneliness, that her indulgent parent had gone to mingle with kindred spirits; when she felt there was a higher happiness in the contemplation of his present blessedness, than she had ever enjoyed under the immediate shelter of his parental guardianship.

As soon as the first emotions produced by this event had subsided, it became Emma's care to take measures that such a disposition of the little remnant of her grandfather's property, which had been reluctantly reserved through the forbearance of Mr. Spencer's creditors, should be made, as would be agreeable to his wishes, and her own sense of justice. She wrote, therefore, to a gentleman who had been one of the assignees, requesting him to make such a disposal of it as, from his knowledge of the case, he deemed most fit. To this communication she received a prompt reply, stating, that the creditors had no farther demand, that the business had been settled, and that she was entitled to all of which Judge

Thurston had died possessed. To this, Mrs. Spencer answered, that it was a grant made in consideration of the character, age, and infirmities of her grandfather, and utterly renounced any claim to it. She immediately sought the means of her own livelihood; for, until assured that her husband was established in business, she would not encroach on the little sum, which he had been able to leave her. Needlework being a favorite occupation, she employed herself at once in making dresses for children; designing to place them for sale at a shop, which in her better days she had frequented for the purpose of buying similar garments.

"I thought," said Mrs. Spencer, as she was preparing to go out to dispose of the first little parcel she had accomplished, "I thought that I had fortified my mind for this errand; but I feel a strange repugnance to it this morning. Yet why should I be mortified by the use of this innocent means to supply my wants?"

There were tears in Phillis's eyes, as she stood at the fire warming Mrs. Spencer's cloak; but concealing this sign of her sympathy, "It always seemed strange to me," said she, "that any one should be ashamed of being poor. When our Lord, who could have commanded the mountains to give up their gold, and the rivers to roll it out at his feet, yet chose poverty, it would seem as if we should rather shun earthly treasure, than be ashamed of not possessing it."

A stranger might have been surprised at a sentiment so elevated and just, from one in

Phillis's situation. But to Mrs. Spencer it was no novelty. She had long considered her as one of the most striking illustrations of the power of religion to enlarge the intellect. She always listened with attention when the timidity of Phillis was so far overcome by the force of her lively interest in the concerns of the family whom she served, as to induce her to speak in the presence of her superiors. "Your remark is correct," said Mrs. Spencer; "it is indeed strange that we should be ashamed of a state which Jesus voluntarily assumed and recommended as the safest and the best, while we are delighted and made proud by the wealth which he pronounced injurious. Jesus would not have required the rich young man to part with his possessions, had they conferred on him any real dignity; he, whom it is expressly said our Lord loved, was to be exalted by poverty."

These and similar reflections supported Emma through her walk; but, as she approached the shop, she observed a coach at the door that was instantly recognised as Mrs. Montague's, from which she and several other ladies were alighting. An object often seen at Woodland under circumstances so different, introduced a crowd of thoughts such as she had confidently hoped would never again disturb her peace. She could not conceal from herself, that false shame mingled with the emotion thus unexpectedly awakened. Passing the shop, she turned down another street, and taking a wide circuit, returned to the same point; but the coach was still at the door. A

second time the experiment was tried, and proved equally unsuccessful. Hesitating, but not able to summon resolution to enter the shop, Emma turned with the intention of going home. "Poor Phillis," thought she, as this resolution was formed, "how disappointed she will be; — when she has watched with so much interest the progress of my work, and is now looking out for me with such solicitude, — with a bright fire, I dare say," thought Emma, as she wrapped her cloak still closer to defend herself against the keen air of a December noon. — "And why am I going to disappoint my poor faithful friend? Because I have not courage to meet Mrs. Montague and her gay party in this my fallen condition. And yet I am not fallen. Whatever Emma Spencer was, she is now; — the want or possession of money does not affect my character. Industry is not ignoble; nor would Mrs. Montague hesitate to sell the fruits of hers, if the demands of charity should call her powers into exercise. What it is not debasing to do for others, it cannot be disgraceful to do for ourselves. I will go and act with the same simplicity as if Mrs. Montague were not present." She immediately retraced her steps, and entered the shop with a meek dignity, inspired by the reflections which had fortified her mind before she left home, and which now recurred for its support.

She was instantly recognised by Mrs. Montague, who introduced her to the ladies by whom she was surrounded, and entered into such

a conversation as made it more difficult for her to open her business to the milliner. For just reflections are apt to lose their hold on the mind when we are in the society of those on whom we know they have but a feeble influence; and Emma began to doubt the correctness of her conclusions, to feel her own convictions giving way, and wealth rising in her estimation, when she saw the importance attached to the veriest trifle of external ornament. "Pray, Mrs. Spencer, give me your taste in the choice of these collars; this is the neatest, the other has a broader pattern; I have been hesitating this half hour."

"I hope, my dear Mrs. Montague," said a very pleasant-looking elderly lady, "that your friend's taste will decide you; for I fear we shall be at home at a late dinner hour; it is six miles I think to C*****."

"Five and a half to your daughter's residence," said Mrs. Montague; "I think I am right, — it is five and a half to Woodland, is it not, Mrs. Spencer?"

"Exactly," was the hardly articulate reply.

The ladies paid their bills and were hurrying on their gloves, when one of them recollected having omitted the principal purchase intended. "Have you any children's frocks?" she inquired. The milliner regretted being entirely out. — "I have a few that I wish to dispose of," said Emma, undoing her little packet, and offering them to the shopkeeper The ladies looked at each other with some surprise, but united in admiring the neatness and beauty of the frocks; while the

milliner engaged to take as many as Mrs. Spencer could supply. With a cheerful spirit and quick pace she hurried home, and joined with real lightness of heart in the merriment of her little playful Ellen, whom she found deeply engaged with her dolls, receiving them as ceremonious company, and scolding puss for infringing on the rules of etiquette.

Though occupied with her needle, Emma's thoughts were at liberty to recall the images and dwell upon the scenes most dear to her recollection. Hours were every day consumed in retracing the past; sometimes wandering with her husband through the walks at Woodland, or renewing with him past conversations; till, wearied with the repetition of these reminiscences, she sought variety through the aid of imagination, and delighted herself with anticipations. Her husband's return, their future mode of life, pursuits, pleasures, and plans, spread out in endless, untiring perspective, and afforded materials for the most absorbing reveries. Emma sometimes felt that this was wrong, that it was a waste of mental power, that she was giving to weak indulgence that ability which should be exerted for some nobler purpose. She would then endeavor to resist the intrusion of these unprofitable thoughts, and would apply herself to the instruction of Ellen, or make more strenuous efforts to render herself an entertaining companion to Mrs. Davenport. But the pleasures of imagination are peculiarly seductive in retirement, or in the society of those whose tastes and habits

are uncongenial to our own. Month after month passed away, without any diminution of the strength of the temptation. Her mind turned as if instinctively to this useless musing, whenever it was at leisure from a pressing duty.

It was from one of these dreams of fancy, which had now become habitual, that Emma was called one morning by Phillis, who announced two ladies, one of whom was instantly recognised as the agreeable-looking elderly lady, whom Emma had met at the shop some months before with Mrs. Montague. She introduced her daughter, Mrs. Sargent, now the owner of Woodland, who had come to request Mrs. Spencer to take charge of the education of her four daughters, children from five to fifteen years of age, during her expected absence in Europe. The terms would be liberal, Mrs. Sargent said, and the labor not severe. Emma replied, that she was entirely unqualified for such an undertaking; that she had been married very young, and had wholly neglected to retain an acquaintance with the branches of knowledge necessary to be taught. Mrs. Sargent, however, would not admit this plea, as six months were to elapse before she should leave the country, and that time might be employed in the necessary preparation.

Emma required a few days for deliberation, during which she came to the determination to conquer her strong disinclination to the office of a teacher, and to the preparatory study. It cost a great effort; but her sense of duty triumphed, and she resolved that her best powers should be

exerted. The light and amusing employment of the needle was laid aside, and in place of this, her favorite occupation, a laborious course of study was entered upon,—laborious to Emma, who from childhood had been strongly disinclined to mental application. Her superficial knowledge of the French and Italian languages was to be perfected. Arithmetic and geometry, which had been disliked and neglected at school, must now be clearly comprehended. She felt herself, in short, obliged to begin an elementary course, and go on gradually, like a child, in order to attain sufficient accuracy for a teacher. To her imaginative mind, this was severe drudgery. But Emma applied herself with a zeal proportioned to the demand upon her, dividing the day into parts, which were scrupulously devoted to different branches of study. Yet so trifling was the daily clearing-up of difficulties, compared with the entangled maze before her, that she suffered from perpetual discouragement; and her bewildered faculties were little fitted at the close of one lesson for the concentration of their energy upon a new subject. Her dreams partook of the labor of the day, and fantastically mingled the subjects of her study with her early domestic pleasures; sometimes she was struggling to accomplish her toilette, but unable to do it for the want of the right verb;—then striving to speak to a friend, whose well-known features suddenly spread out into maps and uncouth diagrams. Then she was awakened long before the earliest dawn to the reality of unremitting study. This became every

day more irksome from the unfavorable effect of close application upon her nerves. It produced a constant anxiety, a weight upon her spirits, a feeling as if something was neglected that ought to be done; sometimes attended with a feeling of hurry, which distracted her thoughts in the midst of processes that required undivided attention.

"I fear I must give up this project," said Emma, as Phillis was closing the shutters to exclude the light from her eyes, inflamed by a violent headache.

"You must, certainly," replied Phillis, with anxious tenderness, "if your health fails in this way. I wish you could be persuaded to do less."

"You do not know any thing about it, Phillis," was the impatient reply; "you cannot understand what I have before me which must be accomplished."

Phillis made no answer, but smoothed the pillow, put the cologne-bottle within reach, dropped the bed-curtain, and closed the door with a hand so gentle that it could hardly be perceived by the most attentive listener.

It did not serve to relieve the aching head, that Phillis's solicitude had received so ungrateful a return. But Emma endeavored to justify herself by the consideration, that if the words had been uttered in a fretful tone, they were nevertheless strictly true.—"But are they true?" was the inquiry of her inner self. "Am I called upon to grasp at once this variety of knowledge? Have I not been governed by an impatient spirit? Have I daily looked to my Heavenly Father with

humility and trust for his aid to help me to perceive and to retain the knowledge I am seeking? We have a promise that strength shall be imparted to meet the emergency of every day. But have I sought that strength, and been satisfied with the ability that has been dealt out to me? And having made a small advance, have I quietly reposed on God for further assistance? O no, this has not been done. It is my distrust and impatience, and not the employment, which has produced this despondency and irresolution. I will no longer depend upon unassisted efforts. I will call on Him who teaches the insect to perform its slow, but curious, complicated labors. He will guide and strengthen my mind for the work to which he has called it. Or, if it is his will that my endeavors shall be frustrated, he will show me, if not now, at some future time, that it is best it should be so; since, however I may have erred in the manner, it was certainly with a view to obtain the divine approbation, that I have sought this mental improvement."—With these reflections Emma fell asleep.

When she awoke, she found a letter from her husband, which Phillis had softly laid upon her pillow. Mr. Spencer had now been absent a year and a half. His business had proved more lucrative than he had expected. Another year would, he hoped, enable him to make up every deficiency in the payment of his creditors. His health was good, and his heart overflowing with love to his family. This letter was very animating. But the salutary influence of Emma's good resolutions was

more permanent than the effect of any outward blessings could be. Her studies, pursued with a proper disposition, lost their irritating tendency, and gradually engaged and interested her mind. New susceptibilities were awakened, and unexpectedly to herself she began to enjoy the order of grammatical construction, and the truth of arithmetical demonstration. New beauties were continually unfolding, which highly rewarded her for all the restraints she had imposed upon herself. She soon found the vast superiority of these intellectual pleasures over the desultory indulgences of an undisciplined imagination.

The time now approached that Emma was to receive Mrs. Sargent's daughters as her pupils; but the sudden, severe illness of her little girl, rendered it impracticable for her to assume the charge.

The disappointment was mutually felt; for, on the eve of her departure for Europe, the lady was obliged to make a new arrangement for her family. Emma would have more regretted this necessity when Ellen's immediate danger was passed, had the recovery been less imperfect; but a lingering disease was left behind, that required the constant watchfulness of a mother's care. The plump, blooming face was become pale and haggard; and the large blue eyes told, with a touching truth of expression, every variation in the delicate feelings of the little invalid.

Mrs. Spencer would have found it difficult to guard against the waywardness induced by the excessive indulgence the child now received, had not her previous education in some degree fitted her to bear it. The most trifling fault was fol-

lowed by penitence. "Was I very naughty?" became the frequent inquiry.

"No, my dear, not very naughty," was the reply one morning, when it was asked with peculiar anxiety.

"But perhaps you have forgotten about the flower — I tore it all to pieces, because I wanted the ottar — when Phillis said the pink was a little smelling-bottle, — it made me so angry! — I'm sorry now, — let me kiss you, mamma. My rabbit don't do so, does he, mamma? When I give him bread, he champs it away, and looks so happy; though Fido loves sugarplums — yes, you rogue, you know you love them. Fido! Fido! now see him spring! — How far he can jump! — I could jump so once, could't I, mamma? but O, my ancles ache so now; — do let me lie on the bed, — and then tell me a story. But don't tell me any thing about flowers."

"Why not? I thought you were never tired of hearing about those beautiful things."

"Some other time, but not now; it will make me think of the pink, my poor pink; I wish I had not pulled it to pieces. — Tell me some more about the Chinese juggler, and what he had in his box."

"Amongst many other curious things," began Mrs. Spencer, "was a mouse."

"Was it a white or a gray one?" inquired Ellen.

"That I do not know; but whatever was his color, he is a very accomplished little gentleman, and danced to the admiration of all beholders."

"How I should have liked to see him," cried Ellen, "with his long tail whisking about; — but perhaps he danced a minuet, — which do you

think it was, mamma, a hornpipe or a minuet?"

"The book did not mention; but it described another feat that this mouse performed, still more surprising than the dance. His master would suspend on a hook ——" "What is the meaning of *suspend*?" interrupted Ellen.

"Here is your dictionary," said her mother, reaching the book.

"I cannot wait to find the word; please tell me the meaning yourself — or no matter — I do not care about knowing — do go on — what did the juggler do next?"

"When you have found the word, I will go on."

"It will make my head ache," urged Ellen.

"O no, looking for one word will not make you sick."

"But I don't love to seek out words," persisted Ellen.

Her mother remained silent, looking quietly firm. Ellen saw that to tease would be of no avail, and suddenly turning herself over to the light, read aloud: "*Suspend*, to hang, to delay, to put off, to debar, to make to stop for a time."

"Here," said Mrs. Spencer, "are one, two, three, four, five, meanings of *suspend;* and which of them do you think I meant to use?"

"Let me think; — the juggler used to suspend on a hook, — hang — yes, that is the word — hang on a hook. O, I long so to know what he used to hang on a hook."

"It was an iron chain of round rings," said Mrs. Spencer, "more than a yard long, up which he had taught the mouse to run, passing in through one ring of the chain and out at another, not missing one till he had gained the top."

"O the brisk little fellow!" cried Ellen, half rising and resting on her elbow; — "but how did he get down?"

"Exactly in the same way that he ascended."

"What, in at one ring and out at another? — how I should have liked to see him, just when he had reached the bottom, pricking up his ears, and looking round with his twinkling black eyes. — I don't feel tired now, mamma; do let me go tell Phillis about this funny little fellow."

There was a pause in Phillis's scrubbing, while she listened very attentively to the minutest particular; but the narrator was not quite satisfied with the degree of admiration expressed. — "Should not you like to see such a wonderful mouse?" Phillis thought not.

"Not want to see it! why?"

"I should be thinking," replied Phillis, "how much the poor little tumbler had suffered while his master was teaching him to go through his tricks."

"I never thought of that. — But," after a few minutes' silence Ellen added, "when my head aches, you say it will make me a better girl if I am patient; and I am sure mousy was very patient to run through all the rings, — for he did not miss one; — do you remember that, Phillis?"

"Hark," said Phillis, holding up her finger; "do you not hear the clock ticking? — there it has been through many a long day, tick, tick, ticking. — What ought we to say of the clock? that it goes constantly, or that it is very patient?"

"A patient clock!" repeated Ellen, laughing;

"I never heard of such a thing as a patient clock; it would be very silly to call it so."

"Not much more silly than a patient mouse. He did not go through the rings because he loved his master, or thought it was right to do it pleasantly and quietly; he did not know right from wrong; but he went because he had been forced to go so many times, that at last, like a machine, he went without his master's help. But if I were to say that Ellen was patient, I should mean something very different."

"What should you mean then?" inquired Ellen, eagerly.

"That there was a voice in Ellen's mind which said, 'I am sick to-day, I cannot read, I cannot play with my dolls, I can do nothing but lie still on mamma's bed, or sit in Phillis's lap; but I will not cry, I will not look sad, for my Heavenly Father knows how many pleasant things he has given me; and will he not be displeased, if I forget them all and think only of my pain? I will thank him for giving me a mother and kind friends, a house to shelter me, and the bright sun, and the scented flowers; and then I shall smile and feel happy.'"

"When my head aches, Phillis, shall I hear this voice if I listen?"

"Yes, my dear; and though it is low, it is so very sweet, that while you are listening, you will forget your pain."

"And then shall I be patient?"

"You will be patient when you have learned to bear pain and other disagreeable things without

fretting, and pouting, and troubling your mamma. —But you must remember, that the mouse went through every ring, he did not omit one. So you must listen to that voice I told you of, whenever you are sick, or in any other way displeased."

Poor Ellen had frequent occasion to prove the sincerity of her desire to become what Phillis had recommended. Medical aid was ineffectual in restoring her lost vigor, and the physician prescribed country air as the only remaining remedy.

Mrs. Davenport, scarcely less solicitous for the health of the child than the mother, proposed to Mrs. Spencer, that they should put in execution a plan, which she had long ago formed, of visiting her native place. Emma readily acceded to the proposal. Mrs. Davenport wrote immediately to one of her old neighbors, and soon received an answer from Mrs. Ellenwood, of Chestnut Hills, favorable to their wishes. She would be pleased to accommodate them as boarders, and fixed the early part of the approaching autumn for their reception.

Chapter V.

THE FARMER'S FAMILY.

It was a remarkably fine morning in September, when Miss Huldah Patterson, or Aunt Huldah, as she was usually called to distinguish her from several others of the same name, locked her cottage door, and, putting the key into her

capacious pocket, stepped briskly forward through the broad, lonely road which led to Mr. Hugh Ellenwood's. Her step was very lively for one of her age and size, she being a portly woman of about sixty. The trees and grass were covered with dew, which the sun lighted up into trembling brilliancy; but Aunt Huldah was too intent on reaching the place of her destination to notice this or any other beauty, and she destroyed without a thought of regret the bright show beneath her feet. The quick action of her body did not admit of close reflection; but a general feeling of gratitude for health, activity of limbs, and a clear sunshine, gave to her cheerful face something more than its ordinary good-humor.

She was just ascending one of the abrupt acclivities, very common in the roads of New-Hampshire, when Mr. Ellenwood's horse and wagon appeared on the top of it, and his son Robert, a boy of eleven years, as the driver. "You are a good child to come for me," said Aunt Huldah, as she with some difficulty mounted into the wagon; "but how happens it that Scamper is not away this morning? I thought your father used him upon the county road."

Robert looked round with that expression of important amazement, which he really felt at knowing something of which a person so much older than himself was ignorant; and with a volubility that seemed even to animate Scamper, he poured forth a flood of intelligence. The sum and substance of which was, that the new county road was finished, and that consequently the mail-

stage would in future pass directly by his father's house, and was expected, for the first time, that very afternoon. He was entering upon a minute description of the vehicle as he had received it from his father, when Aunt Huldah interrupted him by a request that he would hold in the reins a little. "It is not safe, my dear, to race down a hill in this way, when there is a bridge at the bottom of it."

"I would hold Scamper in if I could," replied Robert, straining himself back, and tightening the reins with his whole force; "but don't be afraid, he knows better than any of us how to manage; he'll come fair and softly upon the old bridge, I'll dare be bound." Scamper fully justified the confidence of his friend, and it was wonderful to notice with what self-command he restrained his eager spirits, as he approached the bottom of the hill. The noise of the saw, the dash of the water over the heavy wheels of the mill, the stream showing its swift motion through the broken planks of the narrow, unpalisaded bridge, seemed instantaneously to give him power over his excited muscles; and from rapid motion he fell into a composed, careful step, treading over the bridge with his head down, his whole body giving the appearance of apprehensive caution. But no sooner were his hind feet fairly off from this wooden work of man, than he seemed with fresh delight to testify his confidence in the security of nature's pathways, and sprang forward over the ground like an Arabian courser, soon

bringing the wagon safely to his own barn door, — to the inexpressible relief of Aunt Huldah.

Mr. Hugh Ellenwood was a native of New Hampshire, and cultivated the farm which his ancestors had cleared from the wood and rocks with which the land was greatly encumbered. The mansion-house, erected three generations back, had received various additions to accommodate the family, which, at some periods, had been very large. Parts had been added with a more steady eye to convenience than taste; all rules of architecture had been outraged, except, indeed, unity. Accommodation, and the means used to effect it, were happily in perfect harmony. The emergencies which had induced the addition of some of the apartments, were now only remembered by the old; and it was striking to recollect how many of those who had made these enlargements necessary, had found a home in another world. The house now covered a pretty wide extent of ground, having seven rooms on a floor, some very large, others small, and most of them well furnished with dressers or closets. The floors, except one, having never been carpeted nor painted, were much worn by frequent scouring. The fire-places were after the ancient construction, broad and deep; the hearths were formed of large fragments of granite, which, originally unhewn, had become smooth by long wear. The windows were high and narrow, and the furniture plain, clumsy, and oldfashioned, with the exception of a few modern articles in the best parlor, a carpet of home manufacture, a bureau,

and a large sampler containing the names of all the children, together with an hour-glass, handsomely stitched, a scythe, and several other emblems, and some appropriate lines on the shortness of life, "by A. Ellenwood." By its side hung a piece of embroidery representing Liberty, with her usual insignia, accompanied by some distinguished names, and the following lines underneath in large black letters:

"Wrought by R. Ellenwood. An. Dom. 18— at ——— Academy.

"Sons of Heroes! can ye e'er
Cease to cherish and revere
Names and deeds, which fame has ne'er
Equalled on its page?
No; while life a pulse shall throw,
Earth revolve, or ocean flow,
Gratitude unquenched shall glow,
Brightening on with age."

Such was the venerable and patriotic dwelling which accommodated, at the present time, the farmer's family, consisting of Mr. Ellenwood, his wife, and their eight children. Mr. Ellenwood's sister and mother were also inmates, the latter of whom was peculiarly dear to all. Her movements was watched with tender reverence, her wishes were laws, and her presence was welcome as sunshine to every heart. Such was the family. With the occasional addition of visiters and workpeople, it was often swelled to eighteen or twenty, over which Mrs. Ellenwood, or Mrs. Hughy, as she was commonly called to distinguish her from her mother, presided with quiet regularity,

gliding from day to day through the labyrinth of care and work involved in such an establishment, with an ease that was surprising to those of more nervous temperament and bustling habits. Aunt Huldah had now come, as she had done every autumn for many years, to weave into cloth, for domestic use, the wool and flax, which had been spun in the course of the year by the different members of the family. Breakfast had long been over, but Anna Ellenwood, a kind girl, though a little inclined to vanity, was prompt to cook a fresh one, and had it ready nearly as soon as Aunt Huldah had smoothed down the sleeves of her chocolate-colored linsey-woolsey gown, put on her clean checked apron, and adjusted the black silk cap that always adorned her head.

The Ellenwood mansion stood on high ground, from which, on the right, the descent was rather sudden into a wide extent of low, level land. The broad meadows on each side the road formed a most agreeable landscape; the imagination of a painter could hardly have selected from all nature, and combined into a single view, a more beautiful picture. They were ornamented with trees, either solitary or in groups; — the elm, courting observation, conspicuous and alone, with its long, pendulous branches and graceful outline, — evergreens clustering together, and surrounded with shrubbery, of colors gaily contrasting or softly harmonizing; — while the long, silky grass, as if to compensate to this inland country for its distance from the sea, yielding to every breeze, imitated the ceaseless roll of the ocean, and re-

flected the beams of the sun with a mild lustre from its glossy waves ; — only rivalled by the sparkling waters of a brook, which, in its course through the green expanse, exhibited a caprice resulting in inimitable beauty, — now pressing forward in a straight line, then bending gently away, traversing again and again with slight variations its own pathway, darting off and returning by circuitous routes to the islands it had formed; till at last, carelessly meandering away to its own sweet music, it swept along the outskirt of the meadows, and formed a border to the forest which lay in the back-ground. The trees on this front of the forest, were of many distinct species, mingling their different forms and various tints ; and the solemn majesty of some, the easy gracefulness of others, the regular gradation from the tallest which nature raises, to the lowest underwood, ending at last in the bright silver edge, embellished with golden and purple flowers, — all blending into one compact, beautiful whole, looked to the eye of fancy like an embroidered curtain.

Through these fair scenes passed the public road, which was seen in long distance from the windows, except for a short space on the descending ground, which, as was before remarked, fell rather suddenly from Mr. Ellenwood's house.

The tall clock, itself somewhat of an innovation, loudly proclaimed to Robert's impatient ears, that the longed-for hour had arrived. With eager eyes he watched the extremest point of vision till his patience was almost exhausted,

when he suddenly exclaimed, "'T is coming, 't is coming!" The mail-coach, which had hitherto gone seven or eight miles west of Chestnut Hills, was to pass by the new road lately opened through this part of the country. Robert was the youngest of the family, and had never seen a stage-coach,—the extreme parts of the six miles square of his native parish being the utmost bounds of his peregrinations. It is not, therefore, surprising, that he should hail with acclamations this inspiriting novelty, as it advanced rapidly along the plain, glittering in the full blaze of the sun. The flourish of the long whip was all that was necessary to animate the four eager horses, as tossing their heads they pressed on with a motion of the feet as simultaneous as if the single will of the driver moved the whole. "I wonder what sort of figure Scamper would make if he were put in the place of that foremost off-horse," said Robert, and he laughed very heartily at the bare idea of his awkward embarrassment.

"I dare be bound," said Aunt Huldah, with a sigh, "that great thing is carrying people enough to L—— Falls. Ah well, these factories will be the undoing of the country." This was Aunt Huldah's weak side; and as all knew that she had lost most of her employment as a weaver, since the establishment of the cotton and woollen factories in the neighborhood, she received no contradictory reply. The elder Mrs. Ellenwood interrupted the silence that ensued, by remarking on the difference between our own and the patriarchal state. The aged Deborah had no

such accommodation to convey her to Bethel, she observed, nor the beloved Rachel, when she journeyed from thence to Ephrath; there were no such means of communication by letters between Canaan and Egypt, when Jacob mourned so many years for his beloved Joseph. "And yet," continued she, "I am afraid we do not improve these advantages as we ought; instead of awakening a deeper gratitude to God, I am afraid they remove us from him; these contrivances of man, these human inventions, come between us and Him. Where now is the gratitude that animated Jacob, when he took his whole household, and went up to Bethel to make an altar to the Lord? Where now the undoubting faith, which led Joshua round and round the city with his trumpets and the ark of the Lord? Where the quiet and confiding temper, which, in the very moment of awakened hope, led Naomi to say, 'Sit still, my daughter, until thou know how the matter will fall'?"

"But," said one of her grandaughters, "you are not sorry for these improvements?"

"No, not for the improvements, my dear, but for the spirit which I fear will grow up with them; a spirit of self-reliance, an earthly spirit, looking only to this low world for aid, for support; which raises not its eyes to see the ladder Jacob saw, nor listens to the voice of Him who has given us this great land over which we are spreading abroad 'to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south.'"

Here Robert interrupted any farther remarks.

He could no longer suppress his noisy animation, as the horses, ascending with slow pace over the brow of the hill, brought the great coach into more immediate view. A yard or two in advance were several young men, who, to relieve the horses, had alighted at the bottom of the hill, and, with their hats off, and their coats hanging over their arms, were striding on through the heat and dust of a very warm afternoon. One of these, evidently a sailor, as soon as he noticed the gazers, became so antic in his gestures and merry in his song, that Robert was completely engrossed, and did not notice that the coachman was reining in his horses, till he stopped them directly in front of the house, sprang down from his lofty seat, and opened the door of the vehicle, from which Mrs. Davenport and her family alighted. They were met at the door with a cordial welcome by all the female part of the family except Anna; who, by a back way, made her escape to her own room, to put on her new calico gown. No one else had thought of dress, amidst the interest of the first interview with their new inmates. Yet Anna was not quite tranquil. Her hands trembled so, that it was with great difficulty she could pull out with the little brass rings, from the chest of drawers, the cumbrous receptacle of her treasures. It was unlucky for her that she succeeded, for, in her hurry, she broke two teeth from her new comb, the first real tortoise-shell she ever possessed. Regret now added to her agitation, and she felt, as we sometimes do in a dream, an utter inca-

pacity to find and put on her clothes. It is doubtful when she would have been ready, had not her older sister Rebecca come to her relief. Perceiving the "flurry" that Anna was in, she was too good-natured to express her surprise at finding her sister thus engaged, when it seemed most natural that she should be thinking only of those who had just arrived. But Rebecca was not an adept in the philosophy of the human mind; she did not know that when vanity has once obtained an entrance, it has a strong tendency to coexistence with every state of feeling.

Mr. Hugh Ellenwood's farm was large, and, yielding plentifully, gave him full liberty to continue the hospitable habits in which he had been educated. The situation being inland, he could not easily dispose of his surplus produce for money, and consequently could not command many foreign delicacies; but he lived contentedly, and was happy to impart to others the rough plenty with which his family was always well supplied. It was a remark of the elder Mrs. Ellenwood, which her daughter-in-law never forgot, that if they had butter and milk, and meal to knead into cakes, and could take a calf tender and good from the herd, — they ought to feel that they had enough for any who might come, since angels had condescended to eat of such food beneath a tree at Abraham's tent-door. She had frequent occasion for this lesson, to quiet the perturbation which unexpected company sometimes produced by coming just before baking-day, when the wheaten bread was old, or the

pastry entirely exhausted; but it happened when the ladies arrived, though a little sooner than was expected, that all things were in excellent preparation. The tea-table was spread at an early hour; the cloth was delicately white; at every corner was placed a patty, each different in kind, and the area was filled with whatever rural luxuries the house afforded.

Mr. Ellenwood came in from the fields, having been notified by a horn. He cordially welcomed Mrs. Davenport, whom he remembered as the admired object of his boyish gallantry, smilingly apologized to Mrs. Spencer for his work-day coat, and took his customary seat with his usual good humor. Anna alone was stiff and awkward, from her excessive desire to appear to advantage in the eyes of Mrs. Spencer, whose gentle, courteous manners announced her at once to be amiable and well-bred.

A scene so new to Emma engaged and delighted her mind; and as the health of her little girl was the great object, she joined in whatever labors or amusements led the family abroad into the open air.

There were few farms at Chestnut Hills, which did not embrace within their boundaries a portion of ground ornamented with the hop-vine. The season for gathering the flowers had arrived, and served as a ready plea with the wives of the neighboring farmers for every deficiency in the rites of hospitality to Mrs. Spencer and her aunt. Was an invitation less prompt than warm social feeling demanded; was there a vacant spot on

the tea-table caused by deficiency in amount or variety of sweet dishes; were the evergreens less neatly arranged in the parlor fire-place, or any members of the family too much engrossed by out-of-door occupation to make their appearance, they were severally and again collectively accounted for, with the summary but all-sufficient apology, "It is hop-picking time." Mr. Ellenwood had delayed this year, to the very last safe moment for the flavor of his hops, the absorbing business of curing them. Emma had been at Chestnut Hills a few weeks, when she was invited one morning to join in the lively scene. The field was extensive, and the poles, set at equal distances, were thickly entwined with the green plant, bearing its many flowers of paler verdure. The vines, faithfully hoed and hilled, had been carefully visited and restored to order after every light gust or summer storm, and, having been trained to the summit of their tall supports, were allowed to float off in pendulous luxuriance, changing the colors of their moist jewellery on this bright morning, with every motion given them by the wind. The weather was remarkably fine, the sun clear, the atmosphere pure, and every object was seen with peculiar distinctness and under a brightened aspect. The autumnal flowers seemed dyed with a livelier purple, and more glowing yellow, and were often bent down by some solitary warbler, who, with corresponding briskness of note, whistled a sprightly air, starting from one station to another, as if seeking the happiest point for viewing the

landscape; while a countless train of wild birds, secure in their daring height, were drawing out a long, black, serpentine line beneath the beautiful blue arch that stretched over vale, and rivulet, and wood, and hill.

But there was little leisure for enraptured gazing. The vines, two or three of which were attached to each pole, were cut at a suitable distance from the ground. Crotches were prepared at a convenient height for the gatherers, and the poles, with their flowing drapery, were laid horizontally upon them. A bin of equal length was placed underneath each, which accommodated four persons on each side, and received the hops as they were picked from the vines. As soon as they were dried from the dew, every member of the family engaged with cheerful assiduity in this light labor.

Mrs. Spencer had chosen her stand near the elder Mrs. Ellenwood, to render any little service she might need, and to mingle in the conversation she was always ready to promote. Aunt Huldah was for some time too much engaged in initiating Phillis into the business, to attend to any one else. Phillis had become a general favorite, but to none more than Aunt Huldah, who had pronounced her at once "a well-appearing person." For her part, she cared little, she said, from what quarter of the globe the forefathers of Phillis came; the sun might, for all she knew, shine down upon that country with ten-fold heat to what it ever did on the sandiest plain in New Hampshire; but what of that? if

it did dye the skin, it could not reach the heart. She cared little for the complexion, where she saw such a patient spirit, such kind feelings, and such humility. "Why, Phillis is as humble," said she, "as if she were the greatest sinner in the world; and, for my part, I know not where to look for a better person." With this favorable view of Phillis, it is not strange that she forgot awhile, in talking to her, the theme on which she generally preferred to speak, — old times. But some association was suddenly awakened; and, turning to old Mrs. Ellenwood, she asked if it was not just thirty-six years since Phebe Burnside died. Being answered in the affirmative, "I thought I was right," said she; "it was the twentieth day of October. I remember it well. Mr. Hughy went to D—— to ask Mr. Lynde to preach at her funeral; he gave a very able discourse, taking occasion from the text, which was from Ezekiel,—'And lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song.'"

"Yes, I recollect the subject," said Madam Ellenwood. "It was to show the folly of those who admire the peace and loveliness of a religious life, as it is manifested in others, but will not submit themselves to the burden of those holy, self-denying precepts, from which alone that peace and beauty can spring. And he closed the sermon with drawing the character of Phebe, which left not many dry eyes or self-satisfied hearts."

The name of Phebe Burnside was familiar to every ear at Chestnut Hills, and had been so

often pronounced by the old with respectful tenderness, that the young had learned to reverence her memory without knowing the merit that was attached to it. Mrs. Spencer, who was very susceptible to the charm of moral beauty, eagerly inquired what were the peculiar excellences of one so fondly remembered. "Why, she was altogether different from any one hereabout," replied Aunt Huldah, who was always eloquent when the minister of her early days, or any of his family, were the subject. "She stayed with us but a little while; she seemed to come only like a violet in the spring, to gladden our eyes, and make the air sweet, just to show us the wonder-working hand of God. She died when she was twenty-two; she went home, I should have said, for I am sure she did not seem to belong here."

"She never was far from heaven," said Madam Ellenwood. "The pure in heart see God; and where he is beheld, there is joy and peace."

"Ah, so she always appeared," interrupted Aunt Huldah, "as if she was enjoying her own mind. I remember her face as well as if I had seen it yesterday,—the quiet look, and the pleasant smile, and the modest cast of her eyes. Her father, who was the first minister that settled amongst us, was an extraordinary scholar, and he gave Phebe a great store of learning. Yet when she spoke, let it be to what poor body it might, she would blush like a damask rose, and seemed to set another always above herself. Her mother, who was a great lady, and had very grand relations in foreign parts, died when she

was a little girl. And good Mr. Burnside thought it was his duty to let Phebe go to see them, as it was her mother's desire; and when she was sixteen, he sent her away to England, his dear only child. And there she stayed a year, and had a coach to ride in, and servants to wait upon her, and fine people to converse with, and was made every thing of, and was set up for her beauty, and her learning, and her graceful ways. Yet when the time was out for her visit, and she came back, she seemed just as when she went away, — only more kind, if she could be, and more gentle and loving to every body. Her heart was with us; she seemed to look upon the people here as the family of her father, and she the servant of all; for she was never tired of doing us good. She wondered that her grand relations should think Chestnut Hills a dull place, — though it was not then as it is now; it is stocked like a bee-hive, compared with what it was then; but she did not need company and change, as people do now-a-days for their spirits."

"Phebe desired no change," interrupted Madam Ellenwood, "but that which was made by the progress of her own soul. She found variety every day in the new scenes which spread out before her, in her ever-approaching nearness to God. He opens, upon the eyes that are turned to him, glory upon glory in ever new and increasing brightness. Devotion gives wings to the soul, and carries it where it partakes of such fresh and abundant joys, as to have little need from this world of what is called its pleasant di-

versity. Yet this may be moderately sought, and should be gratefully accepted, though, to him who walks with God, it is like Jacob's present to his son Joseph, — pleasant as coming from a parent, but not necessary to supply any real want."

Mrs. Spencer listened to this last remark with deepened interest; for she wished to fortify herself against the *ennui*, which she feared might steal upon her when the freshness of her present situation was passed; and she made inquiries to lead to a further development of this character.

"Yes," replied Aunt Huldah, "she was very contented, and yet she did not sit down and enjoy her own ease. I don't know how it was, but she seemed to have excellent things come together in her, that we don't commonly see joined in one person."

"That is very true," said Madam Ellenwood; "but it was not because her original constitution varied so much from her fellow beings, but only that she opposed, with her whole strength, all that was wrong, however it might fall in with her natural bent, and as constantly performed what she thought right, however foreign the particular act might be to the disposition of her mind. She was like a dove for gentleness; she would not have pecked the roughest hand that was held out against herself; yet, when she discovered faults that were hurting the souls of even those whom she most respected and desired to please, she was all courage, firmness, and perseverance in reproving them. She felt that she

had a great deal to do in this world, — that she had, through her whole pilgrimage, a burden to bear; yet she never seemed weighed down under the cross, never wearied, sad, and discouraged by her labors. Having resigned herself to the direction of the spirit of God, she followed on cheerfully in the footsteps of Jesus, brightened and animated by the influence of her guide. She was active, industrious, zealous in doing good; but her activity was noiseless, and her industry more felt by what she accomplished, than seen in any eagerness of pursuit. She did good to others, because she loved them; all, therefore, was easy, natural, without pretence, as a thing of course. The unfortunate loved her in return, as children do a parent; they confided in her judgment, they trusted in her kindness. Nobody thought, while she was here, that she was doing so much; there was no boasting, no bustling hurry, no impatience, no obstinate attempt to bend others to her will; but modest, uniform, and quiet, — her presence, like sunshine, was always agreeable, but, as with the sun, it was not known till her absence, how much she had charmed, and warmed, and comforted our hearts."

A beautiful picture of the benevolent, gentle, devout Phebe Burnside, rose up to Emma's imagination; and she blessed the afflictions, which, by leading her to turn her thoughts inward, had inspired the desire for self-improvement. "O," cried she, "I wish you had another such bright example now at Chestnut Hills, that I might make it my pattern."

"My dear," replied Mrs. Ellenwood, after a moment's pause, during which her features fell into a cast of deep and tender reverence, "Phebe Burnside was but a faint and imperfect copy of an original that you may always study. She looked constantly to Jesus; he was her pattern, the only model she dared to follow through the whole outline and filling-up of duty. It was looking to him, which gave to her steadiness and simplicity. Her goodness was not uncertain, wavering, depending on the circumstances in which she might be placed; amidst every scene she rested against the Rock of Ages. She was not overawed and restrained by the rich and great; a meek dignity, inspired by daily communion with the Creator of all, gave her a quiet self-possession; while with the poor, the ignorant, and the forsaken, she was modest and lowly in her deportment, as if she was one of themselves. Her soft heart melted into compassionate courtesy towards those whom her Lord had recommended to her care. She seemed indeed to look almost with trembling interest upon beings that her Saviour had set up as objects upon whom she was to draw out, as it were, the picture of her love to him. We ought to imitate her, and all others whose conduct is worthy of imitation; but our constant reference, in thoughts, words, and actions, should be to Jesus. It is his example alone, which can set us above the world, can give us firmness in the hour of trial, strength amidst temptations, and that nobleness of mind, that generous forgetfulness of self when others are to

be served. It was verified in her whose memory we love to cherish, that the righteous shall have peace; but her calmness was not the stillness of midnight; it was like the quiet of a summer morning, when nature is peaceful though all in action. Her great aim was, to find out the design of God, and to work with him; her enjoyment, therefore, was not constituted by the gratifications of sense, but by the delightful consciousness of aiming at conformity to the divine will. She loved all that God has created, but she loved still more the perfections by which they were formed; and her peace consisted in the free and easy exercise of her best and purest feelings.

Chapter VI.

SUNDAY AT CHESTNUT HILLS.

Nature seldom assumes a more lovely appearance, than in her quiet after the tumult of a summer storm. It is not the stillness of dull inaction, but the animated repose of harmonious movement. The birds are in motion, but the quivering of the wing is hardly perceptible in their easy flight, and their downy throats seem scarcely to swell with the spontaneous music that bursts from them. The unruffled flowers glow in brighter colors; the trees, throughout their motionless foliage, shine out in deeper verdure; while the

peaceful rainbow gives token of divine protection. Such an aspect seemed to Emma an emblem of the repose of Sunday at Chestnut Hills. There was a suspension of secular labor, of eager business; yet, with the good, it was not the quiet of idleness, but the peace-inspiring exercise of gratitude and love. The hurry of hop-picking, which, on the day before, engaged every hand, had ceased; and the field, so lately resounding with voices, was as silent as if it had never been approached by human foot. The green flowers hung in as much seeming security, as if they were not on the morrow to be rent from their vines by those who were now engaged in the undisturbed and elevating pleasures of the day of rest. But the analogy between the bright, lively peacefulness of nature, and the devout mind, was perhaps most strikingly illustrated in the deportment of Madam Ellenwood. The concord within gave to her an outward serenity, which was brightened into pleasing animation by an internal spirit of joy. The use of past struggles, of the storms of adversity, of the agitations of care, was seen now in her old age in the growth of moral excellences, which shone out with new beauty amidst the calmness inspired by the appropriate employments of the Sabbath.

"The women were early at the sepulchre, my children," said she, as she passed the door of the bedroom occupied by her grandaughters. They instantly obeyed the implied summons, and the family were all assembled at an early hour. Breakfast immediately followed the devotional

exercises, and preparation was made for the whole family to attend public worship. In Mr. Ellenwood, and the lads his sons, who assisted him on the farm, Sunday produced a wonderful change of appearance. Not that they were finely dressed, but there was an exactness in the arrangement of their clothes, a punctilious attention to cleanliness, incompatible with their work-day occupation. To an eye unaccustomed to these transformations, Mr. Ellenwood would hardly have been recognised, but for the uniform expression, under all costumes, of solid sense and rigid integrity. Madam Ellenwood's Sunday dress had been worn with such scrupulous care for such a course of years, that it seemed to invest the wearer at once with a holier frame; like the garments worn by some nations, upon which the history of the past is hieroglyphically painted, awakening affections and emotions corresponding to the pictures which are drawn.

The meeting-house was at the distance of three miles. Two light, open wagons accommodated all of the family who could not conveniently walk. Scamper, taking the lead, was followed by Blossom, whose frolicsome colt, in the rear, or at her side, trotted with joyous irregularity through the winding stony road which led to the church. This was an ancient building of the simplest structure, standing flat upon the ground, the pitched roof unadorned by cupola or spire. Without the accommodation of porticoes, the passage to the interior, when the massy iron padlock had been removed, was made at once through

the large double door in front, or by side entrances of narrower dimensions. But, however rude the exterior, the scene within was always pleasing and impressive; for the congregation exhibited almost the extremes of human existence, together with all the intermediate stages of life. The minister, as he passed up the aisle, received, with a reverential inclination of the head, the salutations of the aged people, who afforded an interesting spectacle. In their mature countenances and simple expression, might almost be read the secret history of their lives. In this face, every furrow had added a line of cheerful good humor; and in that, the soft, anxious features, the mild, subdued air, marked the long struggle with inward sadness. Here the open, sunny glow of benevolence shone with perpetual light; and there the hard features betrayed the narrow bounds in which the spirit, that gave them expression, had been permitted to move. The favorite referee in all disputes in the parish was easily recognised by the calm, keen look of deep penetration; and the mild philanthropist solved the problem at once, how his deeds of charity could be done so noiselessly, by the downcast eye, and the horizontal bearing of the head. But that loveliest of all appearances, the expression of serene, benevolent, cheerful contentment, was most conspicuous in an ancient cripple, who, from a considerable distance, came limping and smiling on, aided only by his long-used, polished crutches, which, when they struck upon the floor of the church, resounded upon the ear with that

home-like sound that seemed to quicken the affection with which he was regarded.

As the intermission lasted but one hour, none returned home, but spent the time in instructing the young, in reading, or in meditation in the contiguous grave-yard. It was to the latter place that Phillis retired, where she was followed by Aunt Huldah, who led the way to a grave-stone, which, from its freshness, seemed to have been lately erected. "Here lies one," said she, stooping to read the inscription, "who had but little enjoyment of her own mind. How still every thing is about her grave!—the slight movement of the leaves seems only like a soft voice, whispering, that the soul, once so troubled, is now filled with peace. Poor creature, she knew little of it here.—It is a sad thing to want inward quiet."

"What was the cause of her unhappiness?" asked Phillis.

"I have not skill enough to tell exactly," answered Aunt Huldah; "I suppose the doctors would have called it a weakness of the nerves; but to me she seemed set up for an example to show what may be done with a troubled mind and a sinking heart. She was of a melancholy cast from a child."

"O how much to be pitied!" said Phillis. "I hope she had kind friends to take care of her."

"Instead of that, she had to look after others," was the reply. "Did you notice a very lame man, who came into meeting with crutches?—

It was her father. He will be here by and by; he comes to look at her grave every Sunday."

"Had we not better go and assist him?" asked Phillis, as she stepped aside from the shady stand she had taken.

"As soon as he comes within sight," replied Aunt Huldah, "he needs a friendly hand; for he has been used to as much attention as a prince. He could not bear his loss with that cheerful look he does, only that he has an eye to see the light behind the cloud. Never was a more faithful child than he has lost;—she was always at his side."

"It must have been difficult," said Phillis, "in such a state of mind as you describe, to perform even the pleasantest duties with constancy; though I know a great deal may be overcome by resolute exertion, and we may perform much with an aching heart by the aid of patience and submission."

"Ah yes," said Aunt Huldah; "it was by submission that she was carried through. She was willing to suffer,—to suffer alone,—without the help of human consolation. Some would have tried to relieve themselves by shedding tears; others would have been peevish, and full of complaints, or have given themselves up to a low way;—but she was always on the alert, guarding her tender conscience. I have watched her sometimes, when I have known by her hollow eyes and pale cheeks, that the dark veil had dropped between her and all that was pretty to look upon; that her ear was as deaf as the

adder's to all pleasant sounds, and the merriest song of the spring birds was like the tolling of a funeral bell; and yet, if any one spoke to her, she would look up and smile, and, with a tongue that moved as unwillingly as if cleaving to the roof of her mouth, she would say such kind things, — be so mild and pleasant, so thoughtful of others, and try so hard to forget herself, that she has seemed to me as one set up to show what the holy Apostle meant in saying, 'When I am weak, then am I strong.'"

"When the spirit of God is in the heart," said Phillis, "it turns all its exercises to some good account. No state appears so useless to one who is lying in it, as that of gloom and despondency; and yet, if the will be right, God can, and often does, bless it, by making it the instrument of great good."

"That is true," said Aunt Huldah, while her lips trembled with emotion as she added, — "the labors of this poor sufferer have often made me feel my own short-coming. It is the reason I speak of her so often, that others may get the good I have from her example. For none but I knew her inward warfare, none knew that she was different from other people. I have heard her held up as a very calm person, one who had no troubles, no droughts; one in whose bosom heart's-ease never withered. Not even her own father has known her sorrow, when, for months together, she has risen in the morning in such a gloomy frame, that the prospect of the long, bright summer day, with all its fine shows and sweet

smells, has seemed to her a burden too great to be borne; when she would gladly have hid herself in some dark corner, and wrung her hands, and wept out her anguish."

"There was a better refuge for her," said Phillis, "which I dare say she sought, or she could not have held up as you say she did; for though, when in a depressed state, we are often straitened in prayer, yet the comfort and support are not the less sure."

"There was the secret," said Aunt Huldah; "it was there she got her force. She never began the business of the day till she had opened her heart to God; to Him she could make her case known. 'T was known, indeed, to Him without her telling;— but I mean she could weep before Him, — she could recount her griefs, and name over her struggles; she had nothing to keep back, for her dejection was not caused, as I fear it often is, by too great a love of this poor world. A desire to be something different from what we are, or to have our lot cast otherwise than it is, does not agree with peace, that very gentle guest; she flies away to some bosom that can give her pleasanter companions than pride, vanity, and ambition. But none of these, as I said before, was encouraged by her, who lies so quietly there under that green sod. She felt that the great object of life was to glorify God, and to do good to her fellow creatures; and she knew that her complaints would do neither the one nor the other. Besides, she knew there was a power in religion that could keep her up; and it was

her delight to honor that power by showing its reality. She therefore labored unceasingly within, — never tiring, — looking constantly to God, — making Him her friend, — depending on Him, — making it the food of her soul to meet his will with patience and fortitude. But if her life sometimes made me weep, her death filled my heart with rejoicing. O, what a close was that of trials borne patiently for Christ's sake! Then might be seen what God does for the soul that is faithful to duty, trusting in Him. In her last hours she said to me, smiling, 'The cloud has passed over, the bow is in the heavens; — one end is planted here,' and she laid her hand upon her heart, 'and the other stretches into eternity.' I never shall forget the expression of her countenance when she spoke these words; it was like the sun coming out upon dripping flowers; — the pensive, thoughtful look was all at once lightened up into animation and joy."

Aunt Huldah turned away to conceal the tears she could not suppress. It was some minutes before she could reply to what Phillis had said of the power of such an example, and of our obligation to bring the same principles into operation amidst the various changes to which our feelings are liable. "I suppose every body," said she, recovering herself, "has some turn of mind which requires great care to look after and keep under. — Now I am not apt to be what is called low-spirited, but my temper is sometimes very different from what it is at others. There are days when I take fire at what would only make me laugh if I were in a right humor."

"Perfect evenness of temper, is not, I believe, given to any one by nature," said Phillis; "but do you not think we may gain much equality of mind by constantly watching over ourselves ——"

"By keeping down our *pride*," interrupted Aunt Huldah, with an emphatic motion of her foot.

"Yes," said Phillis, "we do some wrong, or neglect some duty, and then, instead of humbling ourselves, we vent our uncomfortable feelings upon others. If, at such a time, we would be willing to bear our own self-blame, if we would endeavor to gain a penitent spirit, if we would pray for reconciliation with God, how would all things be changed! 'Peace and good will' would seem written on every face we looked upon. For, when we have been seeking the forgiveness of God, we are little disposed to be angry with those about us."

"That is very true," said Aunt Huldah; "if God were in our hearts, if we remembered Him, we could not give way as we do to angry passions."

"We are too apt," replied Phillis, "to throw by the 'shield of faith.' When we are busy at our work, we forget that the eye of God is upon us; and that the little concerns in which we are engaged are as much under his guidance as the greatest events. We are therefore off our guard, and become vexed by trifling disappointments and perplexities, merely because they are trifling. If they were important, we should consider from whose hand they came; but their very insignificance leads us into the danger."

"And we cast out angry words," interrupted Aunt Huldah, "as if the expression of wrath would set matters right. I know it, I understand it exactly; but what is to be done in these cases?" asked she, looking a little guilty.

"Ought we not," replied Phillis, modestly, "to endeavor to recollect at such times the words of Scripture, — 'Keep thy heart with all diligence,' — 'Be faithful in that which is least,' — 'Watch,' — and many other directions, which teach us that there is no time, and no occasion, when we are at liberty to act or to speak according to the rash movement of unholy feelings? Would it not be well, amidst temptation, to recollect that we are acting in the presence of Him who rules the universe? Would not that amazing thought keep down the risings of anger? Could any one break the law of love with a realizing sense on his mind of the presence of Him who has commanded us to regard our neighbor as ourselves?"

"But sometimes," persisted Aunt Huldah, "when my own mind seems to be in a right frame, the wrong-doing of others oversets me at once. Do you see that spire westward? — Look this way; it just tops those maples yonder. A congregation worships there, which does not think upon some deep matters exactly like our minister. Now some of my neighbors are very severe upon these people, and insist upon it that their hearts are not right, — that they choose to grope in the dark, — and many other hard things; while I know them

to be excellent folks; I have woven in some of the families these thirty years, and know them to be a people of prayer, — true Bereans, studying the Scriptures daily, and walking in the fear of God. But I shall grow warm, — when that was just the difficulty I was going to name to you. Now when I hear reproaches cast upon such persons, and see people look as if they did not believe one half I said in their favor, only because they view some heavenly things not precisely in the light we do, I get very angry, and, in the midst of the heat, am about as unjust as my neighbors."

"Charity slips away while you are fighting in her cause," said Phillis.

"Exactly so; — and this I know is wrong; for I take it, that is not true charity which is exercised only towards particular persons. I must not only bear with those who differ from me in opinion, but also with such as cannot view them just as I do. Love should be exercised towards all; but it is the hardest thing in the world to love the bigoted. Do you not think so?"

"If we carried them in our hearts," replied Phillis, "when we make our approaches to God in prayer; if we sought with earnestness that they might behold the height, the length, the depth, of spiritual things, gaze with the eye of faith upon the majesty of God, discern the glorious character of Jesus till they were led to humility, our affections would be enlisted on their side; we should say nothing to provoke, but should endeavor to prove, rather by conduct than words, that there

is 'one spirit,' and *that* a spirit of love,—of which discord cannot partake."

"I would not have you think," said Aunt Huldah, after a few moments of thoughtful silence, "because I am so friendly to the people of West End, that I believe as they do, or that I do not love what I consider the truth as well as my neighbors. I have tried to seek it as well as my poor ability would allow, and I am sure I love the light which has shone in upon me, and would not give it up for all that this world, yea, that ten thousand worlds could give me. But this is one of the truths I have learned from my Bible,—that we have no right to judge the hearts of our fellow creatures. Alas! if we only knew it, we have enough to do to take care of our own."

Aunt Huldah was speaking with so much earnestness, that the approach of the lame mourner was unobserved, till he was standing at the grave of his daughter. After having said a few words, she retreated as Phillis had before done.

When the second service was closed, which was at an early hour in the afternoon, it was a perilous undertaking for any pedestrian to set out with the numerous wagons, which started from the long line of sheds that had afforded them a secure shelter. The neighing horses, eager to press forward on the first hint of release from their long restraint, were scarcely less jocund than the colts (for Blossom intruded no novelty upon her companions,) which, frisking in all directions, threw the dust now this way, and now

that, with every movement of their merry heels; yet compensating even to a foot-passenger for all this disturbance by the inspiring airiness of their appearance, as with streaming tails, and long, awkward legs, they danced along in the wildness of their spirits. To Emma the scene was full of interest; but the romance of it was entirely lost upon Aunt Huldah, whose fluttering heart turned with instinctive longing to the security of the quiet woods, through which, from her own snug cottage, she usually took the short two-mile cut to the church, finding little impediment in the intervening brook, which demanded only the divestment of shoes and stockings. Easy as her present conveyance was, she could not, amidst the seeming jeopardy of setting off, summon the gratitude which her heart was ready to feel, the first moment after several opening roads had dispersed the procession; — which, broken into many parties, was seen ascending hills, gliding through valleys, appearing from behind thickets, winding through cross-roads, till at last, one after another having gained their own door, the smoke was seen curling in blue folds from every chimney, and a sober repast refreshed the spirits for the study of useful books, cheerful domestic intercourse, and the interchange of good thoughts and kind deeds.

Chapter VII.

PEACEFUL DAYS AT WOODLAND.

On Monday, when Robert returned from school, he brought two letters from the post-office. One was from Mr. Spencer, in which he declared his intention to return home in two years from the date of his letter; the other from Mr. Davenport, urging his wife to improve the opportunity of coming to New Orleans, afforded by the return of some friends who had been on a visit to the North. This arrangement would have entirely met her wishes, but for the reluctance she felt to leaving Mrs. Spencer and her child, to whom she had now become equally attached. Emma's gentleness and forbearance had conquered the prejudice with which she had long regarded her; and, on the other hand, Mrs. Spencer had learned to estimate the good qualities of her aunt, though obscured by the obliquities of a disagreeable temper. A mutual esteem had grown up between them, and rendered the parting a painful one.

Emma found so much kindness in the family in which she was residing, that she resolved to make Chestnut Hills her permanent residence till her husband's return. The habit of exerting her mind upon useful subjects, which she had taken pains to form in the prospect of becoming a teacher, prevented any weariness she might otherwise have experienced from her secluded and

monotonous mode of life; and it was her happiness to look back, and bless the hand which had thus guided her to mental effort, through circumstances, which seemed, at the time, so adverse to inward peace.

For some months before her husband's expected return, Emma's attention was absorbed by the evident indisposition of Phillis. There was a change in her countenance, a something about her, even more spiritual, benignant, and tender, than her ordinary manner. When she spoke of divine things, it was with a brighter joy. Emma was surprised, not knowing that she had any musical talent, to hear her singing to Ellen in tones of almost angelic sweetness; and her whole deportment was that of one, whose spirit, even before it left its earthly tabernacle, was partaking of heavenly blessedness. Though she had sedulously concealed the symptoms of pulmonary disease, Emma was not surprised when an apparently slight cold brought on a fever. In the midst of the delirium it produced, her thoughts seemed constantly intent on acts of kindness. Whenever the mercy of God, the love of Jesus, the hopes and promises of a future world, were spoken of in her lucid intervals, smiles of heavenly peace testified her recognition of the sentiment. Her tenderness for others seemed strikingly rewarded by the gentleness with which her meek spirit was removed; it passed to higher scenes with the quietness of an infant's sleep. When the clergyman, in reading at the funeral, as was customary at Chestnut Hills, a passage of Scrip-

ture, came to the sublime declaration, "This mortal shall put on immortality," an exulting hope sprang to the eyes of Aunt Huldah, as she cast them on the mild countenance that lay before her in the peaceful majesty of death.

To Emma her spirit seemed ever near. She could not turn her eyes where there was not some proof of her vigilant care, her faithful service. She loved to retire, for soothing meditation, to the little bed-room that Phillis called her own, to read there the passages, which had been marked by the hand so dear, in the devotional books which Phillis had made her study, and the precepts of which she had so beautifully exemplified in her life.

These tender recollections gave way in time to the hopes awakened by the prospect of Mr. Spencer's return home. As it was expected that the vessel, in which he was to embark, would arrive in New York, about the middle of August, and that he would be detained there on business for some weeks, every mail, after that date, was impatiently looked for. The morning of each post-day opened with fresh hopes, which were, by an effort of self-command, cherished with some degree of calmness, till the coachman's horn announced the arrival of the mail. Then they became too agitating to permit her to remain quiet, and she walked forth to meet Robert, that she might the sooner receive the letter she so confidently expected. Nothing passed between them. Robert's countenance told the disappointment, and she returned home consoling herself

with the hope that her husband intended, by a surprise, to increase her pleasure. Thus, the failure of a letter only quickened the expectation of his more immediate presence. Whatever she thought would be particularly agreeable to him, was daily prepared; and, starting at every sound, she anxiously looked abroad, or watched for hours at the window which commanded the most distant prospect of approaching objects.

Two months had passed in this sickening alternation of hope and disappointment, when an answer was received to an inquiry she had made of the owners of the vessel. Its arrival had been expected through the last three months, but hope was still entertained that there had been some detention in India. What was but a forlorn hope to the merchant, was certainty to Emma, and again her wasted figure was seen in the attitude of eager watchfulness.

"My child," said Madam Ellenwood, casting a look of pity on the dejected, abstracted air, with which she turned from the window where she had been riveted, till the obscurity of the evening rendered it no longer a desirable station, "my child, your soul is 'thirsting, as the hart panteth after the water-brooks,' for an earthly friend. If God permits you not to drink again from that uncertain stream, it is that he may draw you to a fountain of everlasting love."

"I know," replied Emma, "that God is good. The time has been, when it was not merely the acknowledgment of the lips, but the strong internal conviction, that afflictions had been sent in

love, that the loss of a temporal good had resulted in higher happiness than the possession of it had ever afforded; by giving me clearer views of myself, awakening me to duty, drawing me nearer to my Heavenly Father.—But this blessedness is past," continued she, raising her tearless eyes. "This dreadful suspense, these terrible fears, have withered my heart, — it cannot feel."

"Say not so, my dear," said Mrs. Ellenwood; "was not the damsel raised to life? was not Lazarus called from the tomb? and cannot your heart be quickened again?"

"I cannot now," said Emma, mournfully, "hear the calling voice. I have tried to pierce the veil, to reach the mercy-seat, to see the glory, to listen to the spoken words, —but I cannot hear them."

"May I speak to you," asked Madam Ellenwood, "as friend to friend?" Have you not been like the rich young man, running and kneeling down, but leaving the place sorrowfully, with your treasure unresigned? Has there been no reserve? — has all been given up? — your husband, his return, his health, life, all, given up to the disposal of God? And casting all away but the 'shield of faith,' are you standing ready to follow your Master through whatever paths he may lead you, to drink of his cup, to bear the appointed cross, to say in his spirit, with true, unhesitating resignation, 'Thy will be done'? Had it been so, I am sure the strengthening angel would have come, the light of God's countenance would

have supplied to you the want of every other friend."

"I know, — I acknowledge," said Emma, "that I have been far from such a state. But this strong affection, — it has seized upon me so powerfully, it is so absorbing, — how can I drive it hence? how destroy it?"

"God knows," replied Mrs. Ellenwood, "the creature he has formed. It was he who opened the spring of love within you; he does not desire that it should be dried up, but deepened and made broader, that its waters may spring up in fresher purity. God does not take away the object upon which we have doated, with the design to destroy love, but that it may be turned on Him, — enlarged, exalted, satisfied, in its exercise upon his perfections, his works and ways; that it may no longer be hemmed in by the narrow bounds of a few peculiar ties, but be spread out over the whole human family. He, from whom all happiness flows, knows how to impart it to his creatures, and He will pour it into the heart that is given to Him. You know what it is to desire earnestly, to 'hunger and thirst' for the presence of one dear object; — your ordinary food is tasteless; friends come and go, and you heed them not; every thing is referred to his return; all things are made ready, — you watch, — listen, — every thought, every concern, every feeling, is engaged in this one great desire of your heart. Turn your affections with the same intensity on things above, and God will give you a new life. Your soul will be freed from this dreadful prison

in which it is now confined, and will mount up as on eagles' wings; 'it will reach the bosom of God and find repose.'"

These words, uttered in a tone of full, unwavering faith, touched Emma's heart. A new conviction of the goodness and the love of God subdued its rebellion. "O, say no more," said she, bursting into tears; "I feel my guiltiness; I acknowledge my unworthiness to claim the name of him, whose meat it was to do and to suffer the will of God." A change soon became evident in her countenance and manner. Her restlessness was checked, her gloomy despondency disappeared. And when a letter, six months after, was received, with the intelligence that the wreck of the vessel had been discovered in which Mr. Spencer embarked, the widow realized the supports and consolations which had been promised by her pious counsellor.

In every letter from Mr. and Mrs. Davenport, were the strongest assurances of affection, urging Emma to depend on them exclusively for the supply of her pecuniary wants. But, though not unwilling to receive, she preferred making some useful exertion. She devoted the summer months to teaching a school, and divided the winter between the instruction of Ellen, her own mental improvement, and whatever employment was given her by the farmer's wives and daughters, in making or remodelling their apparel. In the view of this simple people, nothing was taken from the respectability of Mrs. Spencer by these labors; her industry seemed to them worthy of all praise.

Her gentle deportment, her refined manners, appeared not to them the less attractive, because her hands refused no task that they could accomplish. Nor was she at all exalted in their estimation, when, in a few years, Mr. Davenport having again become rich, he restored to Emma the property her grandfather had lost through the failure of the house of which he and Mr. Spencer had been partners.

Woodland being for sale, Mr. Davenport directed his agent to purchase it, and Mrs. Spencer returned to her early home, — returned, a widow and an orphan. Many outward sources of enjoyment had been dried up; but there were springs opened within. There was *peace*, the offspring of *self-discipline;* — there was the deep conviction, that from every trial, which is borne with resignation to the divine will, and made the occasion of virtuous inward effort, there arises a new capacity for happiness, — happiness, which, commencing in this life, will be perfected in another.

END.